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THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

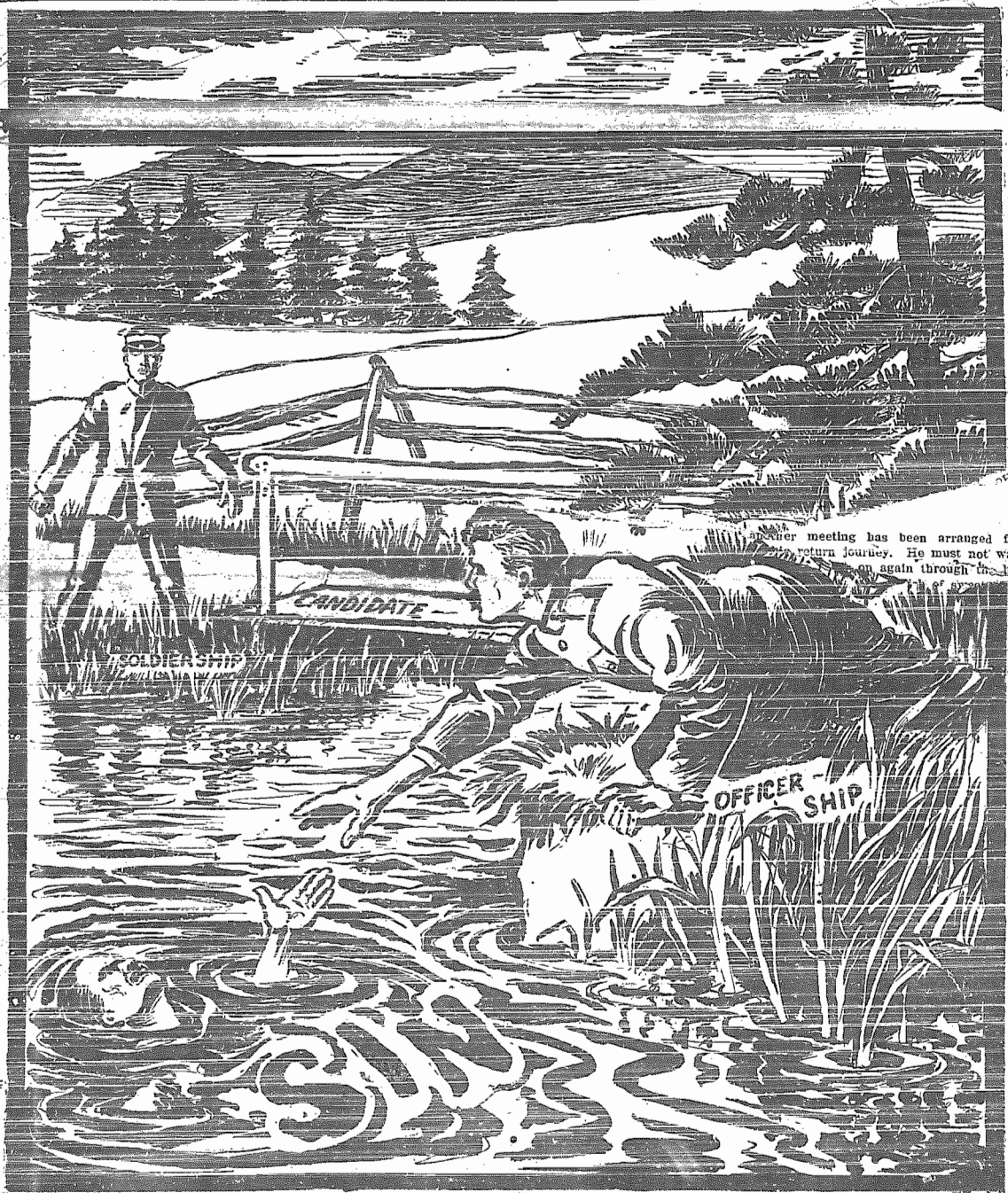
25th Year. No. 10.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

THOMAS R. COOMBS,
Editor.

Price, 2 Cents.



DO YOU WANT TO HELP HIM?

S. A. OFFICER TO S. A. SOLDIER: "Come over here. You can help me to get him out much better where I am than where you are. Cross over by the Candidates' Bridge!"

Cutlets from Contemporaries.

Help from All.

Incidents of The General's South African Tour.

About three years ago The General was lecturing in the Highlands, Dublin. The wonderful story he told took a strong hold of the assembly. Attending the meeting was a lady who was so impressed that she made up her mind to assist the work of The Army to the best of her ability. She became the possessor of a Grace-here-forest box, and from that day did her best to collect pence and pounds for the work. Leaving Ireland, she entered the mission field in South Africa.

The other day she had the pleasure of listening to The General, once more, and although only a humble missionary, she handed our Leader half a sovereign to help forward the work.

Another Sunday afternoon The General was lecturing in a South African city to a great crowd of people. Amongst them was an aged Jew, who, as he passed the collection plate at the door, put half a crown upon it.

After standing for a minute, looked round again and was surprised to see a "Hickey" (three-penny piece) upon it. Putting his hand into his pocket once more, he drew out a whole handful of all who in his own heart, The General more than could English Cry.

Clutching His Gold.

Treasure Left in the Tomb.

The latest excavations at Pompeii have led to interesting discoveries. A recent exploration revealed a well preserved tomb, erected in memory of the wife of a magistrate, who died at the age of twenty-two. It consisted of an arched room, surmounted by a circular seat. Close to the tomb a skeleton was found

clutching a bag, containing fifty silver coins of the Consular and Imperial periods. It was apparently the skeleton of a person who was overwhelmed by the ashes of the volcano, while trying to escape with his money. This poor man was not the only one who undertook to carry his gold through the gateway of death. So happy are they in handling their own money, and in increasing its volume, that they would gladly take it along with them to the other side if they could; but the soul has to leave all its baggage on this side of the River.—American Cry.

Saved on a Doorstep.

The Power of Army Songs.

Several years ago, at a Sunday morning evangelistic meeting in Windsor, England, the Band played and sang "Nothing but the Blood can save me." The strains of the song floated away on the sea-breezes that gently made their way up the quiet streets. The Officer, during the singing, noticed a gentleman, becoming the steps of one of the houses a little distance off, and thinking that there was a desire on his part to give some money towards the collection, he went to him, but four or five minutes later, he was back, and Sunday night.

Liegar, however, had collected him around the singing of the song. He asked, "Is it true? Can nothing but the Blood of Jesus bring salvation to a soul?" He went on to say that he was a Catholic, but had, by the song, found out that his hopes in forms and ceremonies were delusions. He the Blood of Christ alone was the means by which salvation could be obtained. He went as he spoke, and as the Officer explained the truth to the religiously dark mind of the gentleman, he escaped God's order of mercy while standing upon the doorstep. When parting with the Officer, he put into his hand a sovereign as a thank-offering.—Baltimore and Songster.

It is a poor kind of religion that won't make a man happy outside of church.

advance and progress, as we contemplate all that is being accomplished by the earnest warriors on the field.

Our own Commissioner "out West" lifting the same old standard that makes many Canadian hearts grateful for his first lifting by Mrs. Coombs and her.

The old battle, but clothed with new unction, and applied to the new conditions of that great West. And as ever, in the past, God is blessing his ministry, and giving his seal of approval in the salvation of precious souls.

From the seagirt Isle, we hear of enthusiasm and victory. We can imagine the theocratic Commissioner who has been the "heir of a thousand" is in his element, and that the dear representative Newfoundlanders are having "a time" and much rejoicing over souls "coming home."

How they will sing, as we hope, their will-for-ages of their old-time triumph was the forerunner of their singing. Many years have passed since last I heard it. But its echoes still seem to ring in my heart.

Then they will make Commissioners "old man" feel how "rich while" it was to cross the seas, by the despatch—f was going to say—

"Number 48."

Told in a Tram Car.

"He was an ordinary lodger at the Shelter, causing no trouble and saying very little to anybody. We knew him as 'No. 48,' this being the number of his bunk," said the Lieutenant. "One night he failed to put in an appearance, and, of course, his bunk was taken by someone else."

"A month later I was boarding a tram-car, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a man who had been following me, and whispering 'What a Friend we have in Jesus,' to the tune of 'Hyrtrool.' I turned sharply round, and in a moment a hand was outstretched to greet me, as the stranger said—

"Up to within a month ago I was a regular visitor to the Shelter. I once had a good home and friends, and a decent situation, but I lost them all through drink. One night I attended the Shelter meeting, during which the hymn I was just whistling was sung. Being a Welshman, I was forcibly reminded of my home and of the bygone days. That night I sought and found the pardoning grace of God."

"A day or two after I met an old school chum of mine, to whom on Monday, Dec. 23rd, I gave me a chance, and I am working for him now!"—social Gazette.

The World's Largest Crane.

A Mammoth Machine in Ireland.

The new 200-ton floating crane, built to the order of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, is said to be the largest in the world. The huge crane is built on a floating pontoon, so that it can be easily moved to any part of the river, or even across the Irish Channel.

The barge is 150 feet long, by 55 feet broad, and 13 feet in depth. Inside it is a special electric power station, from which the crane is worked; and it carries in addition, 500 tons of "ballast," to counterpoise

their prayers. Never shall I forget a poor brother from whose hands ran a stream of blood. So vehement had he been striking the wooden bench with his hands, until the crimson stream flowed from them.

Many jewels will we trust, glitter in the Saviour's diadem, as a result of this present revival.

Then, from the more conservative Eastern towns, come messages of soul making and the seeking of the higher life under the ministry of Alexander Roberts.

Colonel Drenge, whose words have been so much blessed to the peoples of many lands, is now, having much victory. Indeed, Canada is favoured just now, and we hope our people will rise to the measure of their opportunity, and we are grateful personally, and on behalf of our brave members, that such "glad tidings" pour in.

Then, our own dear Major, Simon, who goes to the smaller towns for several days campaign, with her noble, robust health, she needs our uplifting of petition and sympathy. She brings to this campaign work, a rich harvest of experience and hundreds will doubtless reap the benefit.

the actual load it may be lifting. The crane, which has about 237 feet high from the water line, has three different lifting mechanisms; each of which can be worked independently by means of powerful spindle-screws. One of these lifts 200 tons, another 30 tons, and a third 40 tons.

The crane is being used by Messrs. Harland & Wolff in connection with the mammoth liner, they are building at the Queen's Island, Belfast.—English Social Gazette.

Buddha's Tooth.

Kandy, Ceylon's Relic Ground.

The most notable structure in Kandy, Ceylon, is the Temple of Mahakawa, or the Temple of the Tooth, where the sacred tooth of Buddha has been kept. It is claimed, for 1,500 years. The temple is a small building with a good-sized courtyard surrounding it; the outer walls of which are decorated with hideous, poorly-executed frescoes of the various punishments of the Buddhist hell. The sacred tree nearby is reported to be the oldest historical tree in the world. It is a fig tree, having been kept since 200 years before Christ. The great relic, which is two inches long and one inch thick, is preserved in a gold and jewelled shrine, and is a large silver bowl, in the centre of an octagonal tower.

Its peculiar sacred character renders it the heart from which all Buddhist sentiment in Ceylon ebbs and flows. Because of this precious relic, the king and nobles of Ceylon, the king and nobles of Burma and Siam, send delegations to Kandy, to view the relic annually. The tooth is exposed to view once a year, which is the occasion of the profoundest religious interest to the followers of Buddha in the island and everywhere.

Of course, the tooth is not that of Buddha, but of a hippopotamus. The religious influence going out from it, of course is a myth, a creation of the human imagination. These superstitions are, one by one giving way. American Social Gazette.

Our musical Major, known to many years ago, who, with Mrs. Plant, is carrying a sweet message of song and sermon across the continent, deserves special mention in our prayers, and in our note of praise to our Lord, for the results which are following in the train of our comrades' musical march.

Too, we must add, to those leaders who are devoting their whole time to the recruiting effort, our Headquarters, comrades who are giving all the moments to be spared from administration, secretarial and other duties, to this direct individual movement. With testimony, instrumental music and song, they are doing their part in this War, and bringing in reports of sinners saved.

Of course, our Field Officers and Soldiers are, as ever, in every way striving to "bring in the sheaves." We do not, then, my readers, fail to continue to surround them with prayer and give the Lord, with a sweet atmosphere of prayer and faith.

It will be much appreciated by readers of the War Cry if any of our comrades will send accounts of special answers to prayer to—

Mrs. Blanche Johnston,
Prayer League Secretary,
James and Albert Streets,
Toronto.

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray for the members of the Headquarters Staff, who, with others, are so actively engaged in the Soul-Saving Campaign.

Sunday, November 2th.—To the Lieutenant: Heb. vi. 1-7.
Monday, November 3th.—Shadows of the True: Heb. ix. 1-28.
Tuesday, December 1st.—Need of Fellowship: Heb. x. 1-39.
Wednesday, December 2nd.—Greeted from Afar: Heb. xi. 1-18.
Thursday, December 3rd.—Heroes of Faith: Heb. xi. 20-40.
Friday, December 4th.—Why Trouble comes: Heb. xii. 1-17.
Saturday, December 5th.—Glorious Assembly: Heb. xii. 18-29, xiii. 1-4-14.

GOOD NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

From East and West and North and South, good news flows into The Army's heart. Its centre of life and activity, Territorial Headquarters and the Praying League, Secretary gathers a few cheering scraps from time to time.

This week it seems, our hearts ought to overflow with gratitude and our faith take leaps and bounds of

The S. A. Officer as Missionary.

This is an Intensely Interesting Article on The Army's Work in South Africa, Recently Visited by The General. Read Here the Romance of Missions.

GOOD-BYE, my dear wife's that lunch?" "Don't forget your blanket. You will be back when you come, I suppose. Mustn't expect more than that from Zululand," smiles the Divisional Officer's wife, who has learned to take the uncertainty of her husband's comings and goings as part of the sacrifice God has asked of her.

It is not 7 a.m., and eight hours' travel lies between the D. O. and his afternoon meeting in Hullett Settlement, concluded by a long tramp over the veldt with a Zulu Sergeant who meets him on the way.

A number of Indian coolies, at work on a tea estate, saluam as he goes by; and passing various native kraals, he meets three or four natives in the mutsha (a skin shoulder-covering with hanging tails) and a girl or two adorned with the bead work for which they are famous.

Hearing from the Sergeant of sickness in one or two of the kraals, he turns aside to visit and pray with the inmates, and in the middle of the hot afternoon they reach the settlement—a matter of twenty acres of land, given for the Officers' residence and headquarters.

Multitasking Duties.

This is the natives' mid-week meeting (held in the afternoon, because no good is supposed to come to any rash person who adventures himself forth by night!) and thirty of them have gathered to greet the Divisional Officer. The Soldiers are all in some sort of European clothing, this attire helping greatly to cut them off from their old heathen companions. Still, there is a sprinkling of raw natives, the men in the mutsha, and the women in a kind of skin kilt.

The meeting is conducted, of course, in the Zulu tongue, and much on the lines of an ordinary Soldiers' gathering, except that for cartridge money one hour of a sack of mealies, or a goat, instead of the usual cash envelope.

The faces of the girls light up wondrously as they ask after the Officer's wife, for when they were children, she told her among them, gave them their first strip of cloth, taught them to sew and fashion their own simple garments, and they are almost as proud of her as they are of themselves!

The evening is spent in Corps business, inspection of books, etc., and by six o'clock the following morning, the D. O. is making a round of the Settlement, and looking at crops, fruit trees and fowls with a practised eye. In the hot season, the fountain of the little farm dries up and water has to be fetched from the river, a toilsome half-mile away. This is now being remedied by a large tank, upon the construction of which this many-sided D. O. must prove somewhat of an authority.

His next duty appears to be to step into the shoes of a medical man. True, he has a visit to a neighbouring Outpost upon his programme for to-day, but the Captain requests that first of all, he will visit the daughter of Untakati, the Ringman.

Different Doctors.

Men of standing in a tribe wear a ring of gum from the mimosa-trees, worked on to a rag, and sewn to the hair. One of these ring-men has saved at one of our native settlements, where for twelve months there has been a very fine, steady work, and insisted upon taking it off next morning—an unheard-of procedure—as he felt it a link to the old, heathen life, and wanted to belong to God.

Untakati's daughter is a Soldier, but she is ill, although her father says that she carried her affliction all the way down to Durban to the doctor, and he has not bidden the sickness to depart.

"What have you been doing for yourself?" asks the new practitioner, in his best bedside manner.

The girl relates her historic visit to the doctor, but adds that owing to its terrible failure she has consulted a native, who, in turn, disappointing her, she has tried an Indian quack.

"Let me see the bottle the American doctor gave you," says the D. O. "Just as I thought—you have not taken it yet!"

"I had two or three little drinks, and it did not cure me—and it was nasty!" confesses the girl, dragging in her real reason as a soldier's wife, like her sisters two wide world over.

Then the D. O. talks "like a medicine man" for five fearful minutes, insisting upon the "white man's cure" being swallowed drop by drop, and clinching the whole matter by directing the Captain to "call round every morning to see that this has been done!"

There are several natives in the other half of the hut, at sight of whom the wilful physician swiftly changes into a Zulu evangelist, and sings and prays and talks to them about their souls. They listen respectfully, and assent to it all; because it is a white man speaking, and they acknowledge it to be the particular business of this one; but whether any of it sinks heart-deep none can

tell but the watching Spirit of God. It is more than time to continue his journey to the outpost, for the river has to be crossed, which means a very steep and broken descent to the bottom of a deep ravine, and either jumping from stone to stone, or wading through the water bare-foot as the state of the water demands, after which comes the steep climb up the other side under a burning sun.

Beyond this stand a kraal where a Sergeant lies sick; but here the visit is merely a spiritual one, and cheering alike to Officer and Soldier. There are six miles still to walk; the road leads past some kraals; where they are having a "beer drink." They see no anomaly in beseeching the Officer to "stay and have a meeting," as an additional feature in their entertainment. He pushes on, however, for there is no time to spare. The river has ill-naturally curved round again, and once more it must be crossed, the hills climbed, and so past the site where a new Huti is to be erected—a wattle and daub building, with a roof of grass thatch.

The Outpost meeting is held in a hut of the usual beehive shape, and an anti-bill floor, which is kept clean and sweet with applications of fresh cow manure!

A number of the raw natives of this neighbourhood have lately given their hearts to God. Before the rebellion it was a hard place; grumbling and discontent reigned in the hearts of the people, and while Officers were unaccepted. Since that has been crushed out by the iron grip of the British forces, the natives have settled down to think of something else; there is a good work going on, and the native Sergeants are hard at it.

The Doings of a D. O.

Here the D. O. learns that another meeting has been arranged for him at a kraal he will pass upon his return journey. He must not wait for food if he is to be in time, so he trudges on again through the hot sunshine, not at all sorry to find awaiting him there a dish of sweet potatoes cooked with onions—po dish to be despised, if one had not broken one's fast for seven or eight hours. There is no milk for the East Coast fever has swept the district and taken most of the cattle.

The man of the hut is a recent convert, and he and his wife have decided to join The Salvation Army and do what they can among the people around them. The meeting is over by five o'clock, and there remains the six-mile tramp back again, with a census meeting to finish the day; and a somewhat tiresome journey to the Catherface Booth Settlement in store for the morrow.

On Sunday morning the D. O. rises in time for knee-drill, but finds that the Captain has been up before him milking the cows. There are not many present at the prayer-meeting, as there are six other knee-drills held at the same hour in distant kraals, while six other kraal meetings will take place in the same scattered district between the hours of ten and twelve, conducted by native Sergeants, who do their work remarkably well.

Breakfast is a hurried matter, for the D. O. is to take a morning meeting four miles away, and there is another river to cross! About forty natives await him, seated upon mats. For himself they have thoughtfully provided a block of wood, used as a pillow, but it is in so greasy a condition that in his first unobserved moment he swiftly changes it for an old box.

Remarkable Conversions.

After an enthusiastic meeting and a light meal, the D. O. tramps back to the Settlement for the centre meeting. The Juniors claim him at one o'clock, and in the distance he can see the herd boys gathering their cattle on one side of the hill, so that one or two of their number may look after them for a couple of hours while they scamper down the hill to the meeting.

Soldiers come in from the district for The Salvation meeting which follows. There are from ninety to a hundred people present, two children to dedicate, and two women came out to the penitent form. A Soldiers' Conference and a census meeting finish a busy day.

The Sergeant Major of this Corps was converted the very day the Settlement was opened. Officers had trekked over there in a bullock wagon from a place in Natal; they pitched a tent, and held a meeting under a tree on the hill-top of which they intended later to build. Among the crowd of heathen two young men came out and knelt under that tree seeking God. They bade farewell to the Officers, for they were going to walk to Johannesburg—a little matter of four hundred miles!—and they had put off their journey out of curiosity in order to be present at this expected meeting. Those Officers hardly expected to hear of the two young men, but ten months afterwards they reported themselves well saved, bringing eight others, whom they had led to Christ in the meantime. (To be continued.)

THE STORY OF A MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN.

This is a human document of great interest. It describes the story of a young man who became a Salvationist, and ought to have been an Officer, but his parents were against The Army. He became a backslider, an outlaw, and was shot dead by a sheriff's posse under most exciting circumstances.



"No Doubt, He's the New Captain."

CHAPTER II. THE GOSPEL OF SELF.

"HO is that young fellow?" asked Will, as they stepped out briskly towards the church.

"He is evidently dead in earnest, and will, no doubt, do a lot of good in the town."

"Haven't seen him around here before," said Charlie Easton, an old college chum of Will's. "No doubt he's the new Captain they have been expecting to arrive for some time past. Judging from appearances, he seems to be a decent sort of a fellow."

"What a pity that such an evidently promising young man should throw his life away on that sort of thing," said Miss Cameron, a member of the choir, entirely unaffected by the Captain's talk. "I am sure he would make his fortune if he only devoted his energies to business instead of wasting his time at street corners like this."

"So, you think his sermon was entirely wasted on such an audience as us, then, Miss Mabel," said Will with a smile.

"Oh, he surely wasn't preaching at us, was he?" responded Mabel. "We know that we are safe within the fold, and in no danger of being lost."

"But suppose he does find some stray sheep and eventually succeeds in bringing them into the fold, you would not say then that he was wasting his eloquence on the desert air would you?" continued Will.

"Of course, not," said Mabel. "But, frankly, I do not see the need of seeking for stray sheep, as you put it, in our beautiful little town. Everybody goes to church so far as I am aware, and I am sure they hear sermons enough to fill them right up all the time. We are not in darkness, and we are not bad, and so why does the Army come here to carry on its crusade?"

"Perhaps it is sent by God to stir some of us up a bit regarding our duty to the unfortunate and erring," said Will seriously.

"Really, Mr. Parker, I think you ought to be a minister," said Mabel, with a tone of her head. "Or perhaps you are thinking of joining The Salvation Army, and helping them in this stirring up business."

Her covert sneer brought a flush to the young man's cheek, but he replied calmly, "I consider that you have paid me a compliment, Miss Cameron. Nobody has suggested to me before that I was worthy of

filling such high and important positions. The only thing they have told me I am fit for, is to pile up dollars."

"Well, it isn't everybody who can do that, on a large scale," said Mabel, "and I advise you to get all you can while you have the chance. What is the use of making one's self miserable by giving up all that makes life pleasant and interesting? I say enjoy yourself, get rich, get famous, and you will probably do more good than those who preach the gospel of self-denial."

"That is the first time I have heard you come out so strong on such matters, Miss Mabel," said Charlie Easton, "your gospel is, evidently, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die!'"

"And isn't yours the same, sir?" said the girl somewhat sharply.

"Oh, yes, no use denying it," said the blunt Charlie. "We're all tarred with the same brush."

"Tarred, sir," said the indignant girl. "Do you mean to imply that we are black sheep?"

"Well, no, not exactly," said the confused young man, "perhaps I should have said whitewashed."

"You have evidently forgotten your manners, Mr. Easton," said Mabel, and, turning from him, she entered the church, which they had reached by this time.



Turning From Him, She Entered the Church.

"In my opinion, you've evidently put your foot in it," Charlie," said Will.

Then both young men made their way to the seats occupied by the choir.

(To be continued.)

Promoted to Glory.

BRO. HERBERT KNIGHT AND
BABY ROBINSON, OF
BRANTFORD.

At 2 p.m. on Saturday, October 21st, the Brantford Band and Soldiers, under the command of Adjutant and Mrs. Habkirk, assembled on Eagle Avenue, and headed a funeral procession of the son of a Brother Knight, a dear life of fifteen years, who met with a fatal accident early on Wednesday morning, by falling off a railway bridge as he was proceeding to work.

Adjutant and Mrs. Habkirk conducted a double funeral service, the other body being that of a dear little infant, the child of Brother Robinson. The services were conducted at the Citadel, which was packed by the many friends of the bereaved, after which, headed by The Army Band, the double cortege proceeded to Mount Hope cemetery, where interment was made.

May God comfort and sustain the sorrowing ones.

SISTER ANNIE KAIZER OF, DIGBY, N. S.

Death has once again visited Digby Corps, and a young and promising comrade, in the person of Annie Kaizer, has been promoted to Glory. She had been laid aside for months with that dreadful disease—consumption—and while unable to attend the meetings, she could always give a bright testimony.

On Wednesday night, November 11th, death came. The Officers and comrades were present at the time, and while singing those beautiful words, "When I am nearing Jordan's bellow," she passed peacefully away.

The funeral took place on Friday, November 13th, and was conducted by Captain Strothard and Lieutenant Roberts, our present Officers.

May God bless and sustain the bereaved ones.—Florence Raymond.

The time draws nigh, we now must part.

And we for a time must sever;
But no! oh, no! it cannot be—
We shall not part for ever!

"GO straight for souls, and go for the worst," says The General. Better advice was never given to a Salvation Army Officer. Act on it.

physical pain and suffering.—Blanche Johnston.

Before He formed a star
Our God arranged our lot;
Our little lives were planned afar
When we as yet were not.

Time hath no aimless strands,
God, warp and woof combines;
Life's loom is in His holy hands,
His shuttles know their lines.

He loved us when as yet
We had not seen the sun;
God's forethought is man's coronet,
And love by love is won.

He purposed all He sends,
He knows what us awaits;
He marketh now the distant cause,
Of paths to hidden gates.

All sets His eyes foresee
And never chance constrain;
So willeth He that we are free
His grace to lose or gain.

His love hath filled the past
An ocean without shore;
He purchased souls Him, first and last,
Love, trust, obey, adore.

To be persecuted for Christ's sake,
Is the surest evidence that we are
comely Christ.

SISTER MRS. SNOW, OF ST. JOHN'S II., N.F.D.

St. John's II.—Death has visited us, and Sister Snow, a faithful Soldier of three and-a-half years' standing has gone up higher. Five months ago, while in hospital, our comrade was informed that her disease was incurable; but amidst the sorrow caused by the thought of parting with her husband and only child, she assured us of her resignation to her Father's will, and testified that "All was well." As her suffering increased, she wonderfully impressed all who visited her by her beautiful experience. She passed away, leaving as her last testimony, "Precious, precious, Saviour."

When in health, Sister Snow was always to the front, regardless of weather, and the long journey she had to the barracks, and as a Band of Love Worker, played an important part. This branch of our work will, indeed, feel her loss.

We buried her with Army honours, Captain Heberdon conducting the funeral and memorial service, at which we had the joy of seeing three souls seek our departed comrade's Saviour, the first to volunteer being Brother Snow, who sought a deeper consecration.—F. E.

FATHER GADSLY, OF ST. CATHARINES.

An old Soldier of the St. Catharines Corps has gone to the Glory-land—Father Gadsly. "Dad," as he was commonly called, was a Soldier of the Corps for over twenty years, and although for some time laid aside and unable to attend the meetings, yet, when the death angel called to summon him higher, he was found ready to answer to the call.

Father had reached the grand old age of eighty years, and his conduct and the writer visited him, and we always found him with this glorious testimony, "I am just waiting for the Master to come and take me home."

We laid him to rest on Sunday afternoon, November 16th, with that glorious hope of meeting again on the Resurrection Morning.—T. Hodgkint, Adjutant.

THE WARP AND WOOF.

The following lines, by Dr. Joseph Cook, were sent by our always welcome correspondent and comrade in the work, Miss M. Ellis, of Charlottown, P. E. I. Our readers will be sorry to learn that Miss Ellis has been passing through deep waters of

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Royal Clemency.

In King Edward's message to the Princes and peoples of India, read at the Jodhpur Durbar, by Lord Minto, was the following passage:

"Unwilling that this historic anniversary should pass without some signal mark of Royal clemency and grace, I have directed that, as was ordered on the memorable occasion of the Coronation Durbar in 1903, the sentences of persons whom our Courts have duly punished for offences against the law should be remitted, or in various degrees reduced; and it is my wish that such wrongdoers may remain mindful of this act of mercy, and may conduct themselves without offence henceforth."

Does not this remind us that in the message of the King of Kings, to all peoples of the world, there is a declaration that the sins of all were laid upon the King's Son, and that no one need languish in bondage any longer. Those sins may be remitted if they will but believe and accept the message of mercy. How necessary too, that those who have been pardoned should ever remain mindful of the mercy of God and strive to keep their conscience void of offence toward God and man.

Alcohol and the Body.

"Is alcohol a poison to the animal organism?" Students of pathology, we are told, answer this question with no uncertain voice:

"The matter is presented in a nutshell by the Professor of Pathology at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. William H. Welch, when he says: 'Alcohol in small quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable.'"

"To that unequivocal pronouncement there is, I believe, no dissenting voice. . . . Open any work on the practice of medicine quite at random, and whether you chance to read of diseased stomach or heart or blood vessels or liver or kidneys or muscles of connective tissues or nerves or brain—it is all one; in any case you will learn that alcohol may be an active factor in the causation, and a retarding factor in the cure of some, at least, of the important diseases of the organ or of organs about which you are reading."

Illusions of the Aged.

In speaking of the mental and physical changes gradually creeping on—which we call "growing old,"—Dr. Douglass Powell, Physician in Ordinary to King Edward, said:—"What are we aware of in healthy old age? Slow changes—changes which should not be regarded, still less treated, as conditions of disease. To one man these creeping changes come in the growing grey of his hair; another feels them in his limbs; another in the sluggish condition of his arteries; still another in a lack of elasticity in his lungs.

But that part of our mechanism which first manifests deficiency is the brain. "Some old people," said Sir Douglas, "have illusions as to their whereabouts, and get into a panic. I have observed one curious optical illusion in the aged. They imagine that they see before them patterns of books, geometrical designs, flowers, and faces which they cannot identify although they appear before them in perfect detail. Sometimes they see showers of flowers passing either upward or downward. These illusions have no reference to light or darkness, but they obtain perhaps more in the half-lights."

Unhealthy Retrospection.

The following short extract from an article by Graham Hood, is worthy of consideration:—"As individuals—and this applies to men as well as women—we are too much given to retrospection. We forget that graveyards are not healthy places either for mind or body, and that the past is a graveyard in which all our past mistakes, our miserable aims, and our more or less fortunate sorrows have been interred."

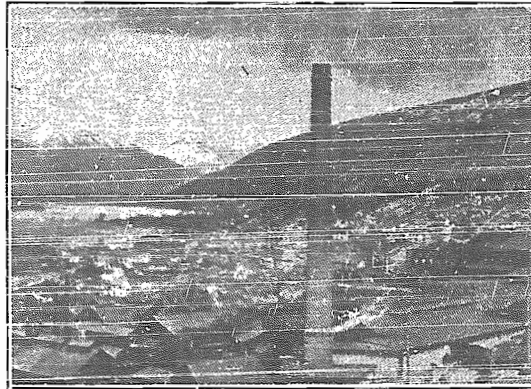
hollowed out to form a pillow; the floor on which the body lay was of stone slabs cemented together, and the opening to the vault had been sealed up in the same way. When the walls were broken down, the rich vestments crumpled at the touch; the body was found to have been already reduced to a few bones and fragments of parchment-like skin; even the shepherd's crook, although retaining its shape, was rotten to the centre and could not sustain its own weight.

How vain are the attempts of man to alter the Divine decree of "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Views of a Honegarian.

A noted personality of the Victorian Era, Sir Theodore Martin, has recently expressed his views to the British Press with regard to the tendencies of modern times. He deplores the multiplication of the units in literature and the cheap and "shouldy" output of the press to-day. Its enormously increased power of production, he says, is not proving for the good of the nation, because it does not cater adequately for the highest and best types of mind. It also deplores the tendency of latter-day education, which, in his opinion, is not tending to the elevation of the people. Instead of teaching the children of the working-classes non-essentials, he is in favour of reviving the old sweetness of manners, reverence for age, and respect for authority, which would render the nation immeasurably richer, and brighten the outlook for its future.

When asked what was the secret of long life and happiness, he smiled. "I have," he said, "been a hard worker all my life. In early life sixteen hours a day was my usual spell, and hard work is the true elixir of life. Let the young make their work their hobby, concentrating their whole energies upon performing worthily the duty of everyday life, and they will have no time to be worried with matters of no account. As to relaxation, the noblest, worthy relaxation may also enoble."



Nelson—Where the Commissioner Recently Held Most Successful Meetings.

To live in the past is to bring back all the moods and emotions that were attendant upon the acts that we recall. If we were miserable, we live the misery again. The past rears that interfered with our success in those days are just as able to kill, even though years have gone; and as every regret and every sad thought takes just so much vitality out of life, the habit of looking back and regretting is one of the most dangerous habits that man can form."

Instead of pining our time in regretting our past sins and mistakes, we should confess them to God and obtain His forgiveness. Then we can have a happy and useful life, unhampered by the weight of past offences, and look forward hopefully to a bright and glorious future.

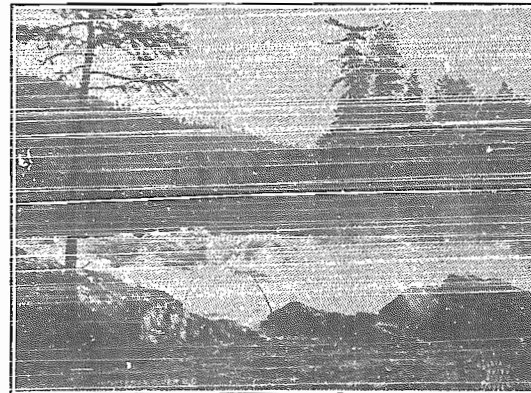
WHO IS THE BIGGEST DRUNKARD IN YOUR TOWN? You don't know. Well, find out, and make a point of getting him saved.

A Seventy-Mile Conduit.

A great engineering feat has recently been accomplished in the Yukon, and the waters of a river have been carried seventy miles over the mountains for the purpose of washing out gold.

The tremendous labour involved has required three years of persistent activity, and a corps of thousands of men, headed and directed by skillful engineers. The mammoth conduit is ready, for the water, but the stream will not be turned on till next spring.

This stupendous work is considered by some as one of the greatest accomplishments of the kind in the history of the world. The sub-Arctic climate added to the difficulties of it.



Kootenay River, Near Nelson. The Commissioner Recently Travelled Through This District.

A Matadors' "Trust."

It is reported that the trade of bull-fighting in Spain is seriously menaced owing to a "trust" formed by the matadors. The Spaniards are greatly excited over the possibility of their popular amusement being abolished.

For some time the matadors have been dissatisfied with the rate of pay conceded by managers of bull-fights, and they have demanded increased remuneration in view of the savage character of many of the bulls.

The matadors declare that they will boycott all rings where the increased rates are not granted. The managers are disposed to close the rings rather than comply.

Here is a gleam of hope. It has seemed a hopeless task to arouse the

national conscience on this matter, but when it comes down to the question of "is it a game that pays?" it seems to alter the aspect of affairs.

Dust to Dust.

Whilst a Swiss monastery was being demolished recently, a tomb was broken into which had been sealed up for over seven hundred years.

The greatest skill and ingenuity of the age had been put forth to ensure the preservation intact alike of the tomb and the body, that of a bishop contained in it. The remains, encased in rich vestments, and with a shepherd's crook cunningly fashioned out of the most precious wood, placed in the hand, had been carefully embalmed; the head rested on a stone

Sleep of School Children.

At a recent meeting of the Child Study Society, in London, England, the question of the amount of sleep required by elementary school children was discussed. The chief speaker was Sir James Crichton-Browne, who dealt some heavy blows at our modern systems for training the child. He said that the days of occupation should be graduated so that the child slipped smoothly into slumber. Work demanding much attention, should be done in the morning.

He also pointed out that, if forced, were an invention of evil one for the confusion and disintegration of childhood. They were often the most arduous and exhausting portion of the child's work, carried on without assistance; they marred and curtailed the home life; and they retarded the advances of sleep, and deteriorated its quality. They strained the attention, stirred up the emotions in emulation or apprehension, and infallibly induced worry and nervous fidgets.

He had seen disastrous consequences ensue from the lack of sufficient sleep for public school boys. Too much energy was expended on sports, and that arose from the pestilent error that body fat was a corrective of brain-fat. Sleep required waste in every organ of the body, and stored oxygen in the tissues as a reserve fund against the needs of the following day.

"A man or a woman is made up of something else besides brains—there is something else besides knowing. They must realise a thing in their nature. They may know all about a thing and yet be no further on for it. They hug their Bibles and go to classes, and inquire into all the particulars about the Jewish race and their forms of religion—they know all, all, except the personal experience that the salvific hour of Jesus Christ is applied to their own hearts and lives."—The General.

Band Chat.

The Salvation Army in Java.

An Editor's Account of What is Done on Behalf of the Suffering Javanese.

THE Editor-in-Chief of the Amsterdam "Holland" one of Holland's most influential daily papers, has visited the Dutch Indies, and gives in his paper a series of articles on the impressions received during his visit. The following is something of what he writes in an article devoted to the work of The Salvation Army in Java, the principal island of the Dutch Indies:—

"It happened a few days ago. The train between Djokja and Magos stopped at Koekoerde. A very polite, kind woman—Officer of The Salvation Army, offered me a 'Strijkkrans' (War Cry). I recognised her as a nurse, whom I must have met in one of the Amsterdam hospitals, and during five minutes I had a stimulating conversation which gave me ample material for thought and feeling on the long journey which followed.

"The Salvation Army has plenty of work to do in Java, this I found out on the occasion of a visit which I paid to The Army's Headquarters, at Semarang. I had a long talk with Lieut.-Colonel P. D. Van Rossum, the

bare-footed and takes her food like a Javanese woman. That she gives the confidence of the women round about her, whom she helps to attend to her children and sick ones, and in the midst of chaos, she is a school, where teaching is done in Javanese language by herself and a Javanese assistant.

"An Officer, this time in a village, is a source of help to the whole surrounding district.

"Is anyone ill? Then the 'Doro Kapten' is called for and even though the patient can often not be reached until after a walk of some ten or fifteen miles, help is given in the best possible manner. This help, bandaging and applying of simple medicines, is far better than no help, and besides, the Officers go against the practices of native quacks, which are often most shameful, and must be the cause of terrible suffering amongst the people, which is all carried on under the pretence of working cures.

Over and over again, the Kapten's help is called for to put straight false accusations, or to render assistance in the case of a dead person, having come to life again, at the moment the body was to be interred. The habit of burying immediately after death certainly has a good side

to it, in the midst of society that the power of pest-carrying man to resist temptation, and to conquer evil by good.

"In some districts The Army Officers are allowed to work in the prisons for natives. What I heard of the experiences of some of the Officers in that work, makes me feel the responsibility of us all, and those who share this feeling with me will do well by assisting The Salvation Army in Java-India. It practises healthy charity.

"Remembering I visited an Institute for sick and needy Javanese. In this institute there are on an average, two hundred persons per day, many of whom suffer from ugly wounds and terrible skin diseases. All patients do some work, according to what they are able to do. They work in the rice-mill, on the land, make mats, and do other light work.

The Editor finishes his article by making a hearty appeal to his readers to help this work, saying that he considers it in this instance, a privilege to solicit their material assistance.

May I be allowed to supplement what has been written, by saying that an even greater need for the Dutch-Indies at the present moment, than money, is the need of men and women for service. On every side we have an open door. In fact, as one of our German comrades remarks, it is "There is no door at all, and no bar to our progress, all is open and free for us to enter and possess."

From all parts of the Territory, appeals are reaching the Territorial Leader, Lieut.-Colonel Van Rossum, to go and commence, and the practical sympathy of the Dutch-Indies European population is at our back.—Major Clifford.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

Brigadier Morahan Leads On.
(By wire.)

New Glasgow, N. S. — We have had glorious finish to twenty-third Anniversary meetings, which were conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Morahan. Saturday, November 14th, was the launching of special Anniversary Campaign. Sunday meetings were full of interest. At Newcastle the call to arms "two souls surrendered, 11 a.m. Holiness and what it is, was fully explained by the Brigadier. In the afternoon his lecture on "Modern Crusade," or "The Rise and Progress of The S. A." was much enjoyed. At night a battle for souls. Two yielded.

On Monday afternoon we held a banquet, and at night, musical bazaar, with Westville and Stellarton Corps united with Officers and Band. Four souls for weekend. Finances A. I. — G. S. S. M.

TWO BANDS COME ALONG.

Good News of Conversion.

Since our last report from Sydney, C. S., we have been enjoying some very good times, amongst others was a visit from Glace Bay Band, and a number of the Corps comrades. Two open-air were held and a magnificent programme was rendered by the Band.

Captain Gilmison, the G. E. M. man, has been here. Besides the fine lantern service, two salvation meetings were held. God's power was felt and several souls sought salvation. Altogether about seventeen have sought Christ in the last three weeks.

One of the first converts left town a few days later, and we heard nothing more of him until the other day, the Officers got a letter from him saying he was still trusting in Jesus. Several converts have taken their stand in the open-air meeting. A good crowd gathered to listen to the music, and prayers could be heard on every side. Captain Rogers, who has been with us for some time, is far-well, we are very sorry to say.—W. G. D.

When men doubt God, angels wonder. Men can make seeds that look real, but only God can make those that will grow.



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Van Rossum, in Charge of The Army in Java.

Leader of The Army in dark Java. Much I had already heard of what this simple, amiable man, this untiring worker and warrior does, and has accomplished. By asking and asking again, I obtained some idea of what The Army does to tackle here. I have now before me eight pages of notes, written down quickly with a pencil as I received replies. If I worked them out they would fill our paper.

"Java has its submerged tenth—lepers, sufferers from skin diseases, the walls and strays and miserable, whose existence the most superficial onlooker discovers only too soon—those we will not regard as the lowest stratum—they require attention and receive it. The interests of these unhappy crowds drive The Army to fight. Institutions must arise, so says Mr. Van Rossum, where they can be attended to, helped, saved from total wreckage, and from which they, if possible, can be given back to society, reformed and made useful members.

"Among that crowd The Army Officers go. Do you know what this means? That a civilised Dutch or English woman goes and lives in a village hut, that she dresses, goes

in these climates, but it is certain that cases of burying alive are more frequent than is supposed.

"Reading, writing, and the first principles of arithmetic are taught to the children, and many of them succeed very well. And the spiritual work is combined with this. Souls are being awakened, consciences are being aroused. The Social work prepares the spiritual.

"The manner of working of these men and women, whom I have not generally known. Not long ago one of the Officers had an interview with the manager-in-charge of one of the first undertakings in the Dutch-Indies. This gentleman gave him kindly but squarely to understand that he did not sympathise with The Salvation Army, because it took away from general society so many people, who could be equipped much more usefully. Not without surprise the Officer listened further to the gentleman's opinion that The Army Officers lived altogether in buildings where they spend their time with prayer and meditation. We know how erroneous this opinion is.

"Instead of their making leading them to withdraw from the world, it drives them out into the world to

THE SIMULTANEOUS SOUL SAVING CAMPAIGN.
What does that mean? It means everybody, every where, at the same time making a desperate effort to get souls saved. Are you helping?

On Tuesday, November 3rd, Vancouver: David gave a musical festival at No. 11 Corps. A large audience greeted the Band boys, whose programme delighted everybody. Adjutant McCann, Adjutant Blackburn, and Ensign Johnstone (the latter "up from the North") assisted in the singing.

Winthrop Band gave a very pleasant and profitable musical evening at No. 11 Corps on Thursday, November 5th. Ensign We acted as chairman, and a good crowd turned out for the special occasion. Vocal and instrumental solos, Band marches and selections, all went to make a really successful time from start to finish. Captain Willey and Lieutenant Humphreys are developing new voices. Their solos and duets were admirable.

The Lippincott Bandmen spent a pleasant sojourn together in the Citadel on Monday, November 16th. The event is an annual one, and a time when Officers and Bandmen meet to discuss plans and arrangements for the winter campaign, over a cup of tea. This particular evening was also the welcome home of Captain Bert Fattenden, the colonial Secretary from the Old Land. The Captain gave a short speech.

Wincham Band is progressing nicely. There are several letters which they soon be marching with us. On Wednesday, November 11th, the Band drove over to Clinton (a distance of twenty-five miles) to a special meeting. They were pretty cold when they arrived home at 3 a.m., but felt well repaid by the blessing they received.

On Monday, November 16th, the Guelph Bandmen appeared in the Citadel clad in their new uniforms. Staff-Captain Hay, the D. O., was present, and took the chair for the musical festival given by the Band. Bandmaster Dawson is to be congratulated upon the arrangement of the programme, a special feature of which was the singing of the Mair-vance Choir.

Of a Band so smart and energetic, the D. O. said he was very highly pleased, the meeting being one of the best ever held in Guelph.

Edmonton's Band Boys kept the Flag flying at the Corps during the absence of the Officers at Councils. On Sunday, November 15th, Bandmaster Southall and Secretary Page, took charge of the meetings.

One of the Toronto Bandmasters informs us that he could very well place two or three good cornet players. Work would be guaranteed to suitable. Bandmen wish it desiring to come to Toronto, should communicate with "Bandmaster," c. o. the Editor.

A UNITED FESTIVAL.

The Toronto Bands at Dovercourt. Dovercourt's enlarged platform was aglow with colour and shining instruments when, on Thursday, November 9th, the Lisgar, Riverdale, Lippincott, and Dovercourt Bands assembled for another massed musical festival under the direction of Brigadier Taylor. The Hall was crowded when the Bands crashed out the programme.

A march "Shields" by the massed Bands, opened the programme, of about sixteen numbers. Staff-Captain Abbott sang "I am happy in Him," and the Lippincott Band followed with "My Saviour" selection. A violin solo by Sister Baker and a selection from the Staff Band's Male Choir were much appreciated, and the Lisgar Band's "Songs of Joy" was well worth a second hearing.

The Lisgar St. Band came next, with a latest march, the Dovercourt Bandmen a round song, and the Lisgar Band, by the massed Bands. Another which caused a "murmur" was the Staff Band's Male Choir, who were observed for "Which Way You Go to Take?" "The Love of God" by the home Band, and another piece by the united Bands concluded a splendid evening of which much more is to follow.

Personalities.

In connection with the Chief Secretary's visit to Newfoundland, the Colonel will give an illustrated lecture on India.

Lieut. Colonel Rees was recently called up on the telephone by Sir William McGregor, Governor of Newfoundland, who invited the Colonel to take lunch with him. We learn this fact is no exception either, and the same can be said as regards Lady McGregor and Mrs. Colonel Rees.

Brigadier Potter returned to his Office at T. H. Q., after a successful Eastern Tour.

The Brigadier says he was very much impressed with the Newfoundland Salvationism. The new School and Training College, he regards as a magnificent structure. Between whiles, the Brigadier managed to conduct about six meetings while on tour.

Mrs. Brigadier Potter is displaying great interest in connection with the Riverside Senior Boys' Class, of which she is leader. At the Quarters Mrs. Potter occasionally holds a social evening for the lads, who appreciate their leader's efforts for their good.

Brigadier and Mrs. Adby, with their family, arrived in Toronto on Saturday, November 21st, after a speedy, but somewhat rough voyage across the Atlantic. Both the Brigadier and his wife are in excellent health and spirits, and are happy at the prospect of labouring for God in the fair Dominion.

Accompanying the above-mentioned comrades was Lieutenant Walter, daughter of Adjutant Mrs. Walter, of the Post Office Department, T. H. Q. The Lieutenant is being appointed to assist Captain Chislett, at Hamilton, Ont. We bid these new comers a most hearty Canadian welcome.

Majors Rawlings and Miller went to London, Ont., on Monday, Nov. 23rd. They will remain in London a day or two for the purpose of conducting property matters.

Major W. Creighton, of the Y. P. Department, informs us that at no distant date, Toronto will possess a Young People's Band of about twenty members, a large proportion of whom will be sons of Officers.

We regret to announce that Staff-Captain Fraser recently received the news of the death of his father in the Old Land. The deceased gentleman was over ninety years of age, and a Methodist of fifty years' standing.

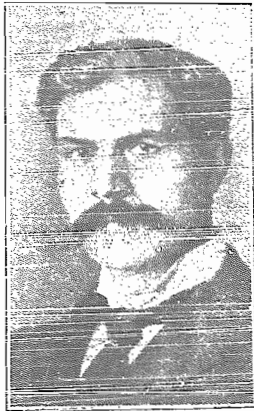
Staff-Captain Hayes, who, a little while ago underwent a serious operation, has now almost recovered her usually robust health. Things are booming at Victoria.

Adjutant Southall, who has been resting at Edmonton for a short time, is hoping to be able to resume work before long.

Adjutant White has left T.H.Q. for Ottawa, where he will be transacting financial business for a week or so.

(Continued on page 11.)

Labour Leaders and The Salvation Army.



J. Ramsey MacDonald,
Member of Parliament for Vancouver,
and Secy. of the Labour Party.

THE following statements, by two well-known labour leaders in England, are both interesting and instructive:—

Mr. Ramsey MacDonald, M. P., speaking at one of The General's meetings, says:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—I have been listening, as I am sure you have been, to a most marvellous address, and what I said to The General when he sat down I want to say to you—How can he do it? (Applause.)"

DON'T BE DOWN-HEARTED IF IN THE REVIVAL CAMPAIGN AT YOUR CORPS You don't get converts in scores. The "ones" total up.

"There he is—a man full of years, a man whose days are wonderfully filled up with hard work—and he stands up before us, and for the love of God and humanity talks for well-nigh an hour and a half without a dull sentence, and I fully believe at the end he is as fit as he was at the beginning!"

"In response to this eulogy, The General sprang to his feet and, with arms folded, head erect and a broad smile, shouted, 'Hear! hear!' At which there were volleys."

"All I have to say, my friends," resumed Mr. MacDonald, "is that I have received a marvellous revelation of human strength inspired by spirit and enthusiasm. I confess, also, that I know of no agency at the present moment doing so much in so many fields for the moral and spiritual good of humanity as The Salvation Army. (Loud applause.)"

"I am a pretty widely travelled person, I think, but I have never yet been to a place where The Salvation Army is not to be found. I have, too, a good many friends in the fire, but there is not a single one of which I do not find The Salvation Army has hold of, one end. (Laughter and 'Hear! hear!')

We talk about the unemployed question—The Salvation Army Officer comes and gives us valuable information. We talk about harmalids and a letter comes from Headquarters telling us something that has been done. We talk about the children—at the present moment, in the House of Commons, I am sitting on a committee that is dealing with the Children's Bill—and when we get into any difficulty and want any particulars, away down below The Salvation Army, and they are prepared to get us out of our difficulty—in fact, out of all our difficulties! (Applause.)"

"Then we talk about the regulation

of the drink traffic, and ask who it is to do it, or what agency is to do it; and we say, 'Try Colonel So-and-so, or Major So-and-so, of The Salvation Army.' (Cheers.)"

"When friends of mine ask me to trace out the lost, and men who have become too disgraced to make themselves known at home, I go to my friend Colonel Lamb, and give him the case, and in due course The Army puts me in touch."

"My friends, I am bound to say this, that however large the errors of The Salvation Army may be made to appear to the most critical, the work they are doing blots all those errors out. Whatever agency comes or goes, the country cannot spare one agency—and that is The Salvation Army."

"Notwithstanding the words of the old Scotch Psalm, 'I am glad that three score years and ten have not summed up the days General Booth has seen, and I hope, long as his years are, and heavy as the work is that is bending his shoulders, that for a long time to come he will be able to make his audience laugh and cry, as he has made you laugh and cry this afternoon. I say with him, 'Don't worry! The General is not dead yet!' (Volleys and cheers.)"

"Let us testify to The General that we have been delighted and instructed, and made enthusiastic by that marvellous, that most remarkable address; that wonderful tale of misery and sorrow on the one hand, and on the other that still more wonderful tale of hope, and love, and joy, which epitomises the work of The Army." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Will Crooks, M. P. for Poplar, recently said to an interviewer:—

"What have you seen of The Army's work, Mr. Crooks?" I asked.

"I have known The Army from its

very inception," he said, "and so far as its work among the people is concerned, I see nothing but good. Its moral and spiritual side is excellent in every way. A big surprise to me



Will Crooks,
Member of Parliament for Woolwich,
and a Prominent Labour Leader.

has been where it finds the women, who, in spite of jeers and gibes and insolence, have gone so steadily on. I don't know a single case where they have not laboured with tact and devotion to lift the people up."

"Could you mention any instances that have come under your personal observation, Mr. Crooks?"

"They are innumerable—enough to

fill a volume, in fact. Even The General himself has little knowledge of the enormous sacrifices his people have made. Some of the women are refined and sensitive almost to a fault, as we should say, yet they have gone down into the most degraded places, and made their influence felt for good. For example, I happened once to be passing down a blackguardly hole I know very well, where a number of ruffians were using some pretty lurid language. At the same moment an Army lass entered the place, and I heard one of the fellows say, 'Hold your b—row, here comes a Salvation Army woman.'"

"When I, myself," Mr. Crooks continued, "have been fairly worn out with the poverty of the people and the cry of the children, I have found these devoted women, with a cheerful countenance, helping in household duties and teaching the little ones and trying to get them into the net. Anybody else would have given up in despair."

"One thing you may always be sure of," Mr. Crooks added, "you need never fear to trust The Army with your money. You know that whatever you give it will be properly spent, to the uttermost farthing."

"The only objection I ever hear the working-men make to The Army's appeal for funds is that the money might be given to subsidise labour. But that is not quite fair. The great strength of The Army lies, as I have said, in its principle, 'If ye love Me feed My lambs; and in that it gives practical help instead of tracts to 'starving men.' It is not always thinking of Heaven to come, but sees the advantage of making a little heaven here. And I don't see how any person can object to give his money for such an object. And besides, the possibilities of every movement are limited by the state of its funds."

SCOOTING IN MEXICO.

Officials Offer Information, and Wish The Army Success.

Colonel Wright, who proceeds on a visit of investigation to British Honduras and Mexico, left Southampton recently.

The Colonel travels to British Honduras via New Orleans, and is announced to conduct a Salvation Campaign at New York on Sunday, November 18th. On the following Thursday he will arrive in British Honduras, where he will spend some ten days in investigation. Returning to New Orleans he will proceed through Mexico to the capital, and from thence will prospect, with a view to planting The Army's Flag in that country, until the end of January.

The Mexican officials in London have been very kind in supplying information for the Colonel's use, offering their services in this capacity with eagerness. They have also expressed their sympathy with the work of The Army, and their appreciation of endeavour to commence operations in their country.

KOREAN CAPTURES.

Government Clerk and Native Doctor Among the Converts.

The first mail from Colonel Hoegard since his arrival in Korea, has just been received:—

We shall have some difficulty in hiring buildings (two) in our Quarters, as they are few in number and very expensive. We have been asked £6 10s. a week for a Hall we could get in England for £1.

We have had a good beginning. On Sunday we held three meetings in one of the rooms in our Quarters. In the morning there were twenty-six men present, two of whom were converted. One of them is a clerk in the Government treasury offices. Another came to God out of the thirty-two present in the afternoon, and at night, when twenty-eight men—attended, a native doctor sought Salvation.

A cable has already appeared in the British War Cry, announcing the capture of one hundred souls during the opening campaign.

WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombe, Comptroller of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the West Indies, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 11 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, containing particulars in regard to advertising, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S.A. Temple, Toronto. All matters relating to subscription, dispatch and change of address, to THE TRADE SECRETARY. All notices, Post Office and Telegram Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombe.

WHY ARE YOU NOT AN OFFICER?

Supposing that you have reasonably good health, intelligence, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart, we want you to ask yourself the question that forms the title to this article—Why are you not an Officer in The Salvation Army? If you are desirous of glorifying God, and doing your fellows good, you will find no ordinary platform that will afford you nearly so much scope as Salvation Army Officership. It may be that you are a Salvation Soldier. If so, you already have splendid opportunities of bringing men and women to Christ, but not so many, nor so far-reaching as the Officer has—the relationship of the two to the poor wretch sinking in the slough of sin, is shown on our front page. Therefore, do not seek to stifle convictions by telling yourself that you can do as much good at your home Corps, as an Officer. You cannot. But it may be that you have fears concerning hardship, discipline, loneliness. Perhaps these fears are not altogether groundless, but just consider for a moment what people do and suffer through loyalty to their cause or country.

Reflect for a moment on the hardships endured by the soldier on the tented field, the long, forced marches, the privations owing to scarcity of food or clothes, the sickness and fever, the rough malarial climes; think again, of the loneliness endured by military officers, or government officials, who are appointed to lonely colonial posts, where they are the only white people in the region. Then ask the question of discipline. Look at Lord Strathcona, who, when his eyes became afflicted, and he tramped from Labrador to Montreal, to receive skilled attention, was met out by the Hudson Bay official, and promptly ordered back to his post, which he had left without asking leave. He turned in his tracks and went.

Now, if people will cheerfully do these things, in order that a corporation or a country might be benefited, how much more ought the Salvationist to do and suffer gladly for Christ's sake, those things that are not pleasant, in order that the Kingdom of God might be benefited and souls saved from the eternal burning. Don't you think so?

Have you then, been deterred from applying for Officership? See what others are doing and suffering for a much less noble cause than that which you are called upon to represent, and put your fears away.

There is also another aspect of Officership. There are thousands of officers who bless God and The General for raising up The Army, not because it has rescued them from lives of drunkenness and shame, but because it has placed them in a position of power and influence and congenial work that they, in the days of their youth, did not dream of. Look around through every land, or combine yourself to fair Canada, and consider



"WE DON'T WISH YOU ANY HARM, MR. PUBLICAN, BUT WE ARE DOWN ON YOUR BUSINESS!"

"Beer-drinking in Pittsburgh was reduced by 332,000 barrels for the year ending October. The brewers are looking angrily at The Salvation Army forces and the W. C. T. U., as they are of the opinion that these people did more to reduce the consumption of beer than did the hard times."

At the Massey Hall.

Territorial Staff Band and Festival Choir Give a Splendid Programme of Music and Song—Lieut.-Colonel Howell Speaks—Seventeen Songs at Mercy Seat.

THE meeting at the Massey Hall on Sunday night, November 22nd, was well attended by an appreciative crowd, which greatly gratified the organizers and leaders of this special service. Much extra effort had been put forth during the week to draw the attention of Toronto citizens to it. A cart with large billboards on it had paraded the streets, Cadets had visited from house to house distributing postcard invitations, and the Staff Band had marched around the downtown streets on Saturday night.

A splendid programme of sacred music and song had been arranged, the Territorial Staff Band and the Festival Choir taking the most prominent part.

Previous to the opening hymn—"God is Love,"—Staff-Captain Easton rendered a voluntary on the great pipe organ. After prayer by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Howell, the Festival Choir consisting of 150 voices, sang very

effectively, "O God our Help in ages past." The Staff Band rendered three selections during the evening, namely, "The Beautiful Stream," "Hebrew Melodies," and "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." The second selection is worthy of special mention. As the grand strains of the Song of Miriam, the feast of first fruits, the 24th Psalm, and other Jewish melodies resounded through the spacious Hall, the audience sat entranced, as if in imagination they saw re-enacted, the great historical events which were being symbolized in music. Brigadier Morris acted as conductor, both in the music and singing, and wielded the baton in a very dramatic style. It evidently added to the effectiveness of the service, for he drew forth loud, crashing strains from the Band at the psychological moment, or hushed them into a gentle melody like unto the sighing of the autumn winds through the trees. He also got all the congregation to sing heartily, and thousands of voices swelled an old

chorus again and again, making the vast Hall reverberate with the words:

"Looking this way . . .
Loved ones in Glory looking this way;
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
Loved ones in Glory, looking this way."

The first verse of the song was sung as a solo, by Adjutant Sheard, while the second and third verses were soloed by Captain Mardall and Staff Bandsman McMillan respectively. The singing of "Lead, Kindly Light," by the Male Voice Choir, was admirable, as was the medley, entitled, "The Crucifixion," by the Festival Choir.

A vocal solo, entitled, "The Shepherd," was sung by Staff-Captain Arnold. It was a tender entreaty to the wandering ones to return to the fold. Captain Myer's cornet solo "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was excellent. A splendid anthem, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," was rendered by the Festival Choir. Staff-Captain Easton accompanying on the organ.

The last item on the programme was a song by the Male Quartette, entitled, "Crossing the Bar," after which Colonel Howell rose to give his address. He spoke on the "Religion of Jesus Christ," contrasting it with other religions as regards the practical results in the lives of its adherents. He maintained that it was a Social-religion bringing brightness and happiness into the lives of people on this earth as well as giving them a hope of bliss in the hereafter.

In the prayer meeting which followed, seventeen souls knelt at the mercy seat, seeking the forgiveness of sin.

the positions occupied by the leading Staff of this Territory; every one of them came to their present position by exactly the same road that you are invited to travel—they got where they are by devotion, successful service, and God's blessing. These are things that are open to all of us. But apart from our posi-

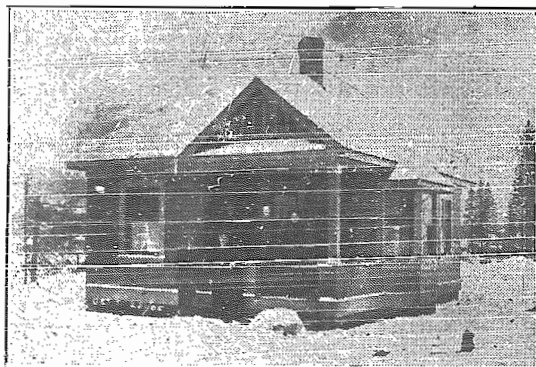
tion in life in this world, there is that joyful looking forward to of every child of God—the coming "rejoicing, bringing precious sheaves," with us. If you, by becoming an Officer, can bring more sheaves to Christ than by remaining a Soldier, it is clearly your bounden duty to apply for this work—Do so at once!

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' Tour in British Columbia.

Could Not Reach British Columbia's Capital on Account of Dense Fog—Enthusiastic Meeting at New Westminster—Backslider of Thirty Years Among Penitents—Meetings Held in Nelson Opera House—Judge Crease Presided Over Lecture—Civic Reception at Cranbrook Railway Station While Passing Through—Fernie's New Citadel Opened—Mayor Tuttle in Chair—Souls Born Again in First Meeting—Special Meeting Put on at Lethbridge—Opera House Filled—Soldiers' Councils—Fourteen Surrenders.



Mrs. Tuttle, of Fernie, B. C.



The New Officers' Quarters, Fernie, B. C.



Mayor Tuttle, of Fernie, B. C.

VICTORIA has a population of fully thirty thousand, and is the capital of British Columbia. It overlooks the Straits of Fuca to the Pacific. Across the Straits are the Olympic Mountains. The climate is that of the South of England. The Government buildings are among the best in America. The city has an extensive trade, and many large commercial houses, which do a good outfitting trade for the Yukon. The Chinese portion is always interesting to visitors.

On account of the fog the Commissioner could not reach the capital city for his meeting. The Captain of the S.S. "Charmer" would not venture. Fortunately, Staff-Captain Morris had gone on ahead with his machine, etc., and, assisted by Brigadier Jenkins and Staff-Captain Hayes, a meeting was held, and the "Bethlehem to Calvary" service given. Although there was much disappointment at our Leader's inability to be present, yet a very successful meeting was held. This is only the second appointment the Commissioner has not kept during his present term in Canada, and neither of these were through any neglect of his.

New Westminster is the headquarters of the Salmon-canning industry, which is represented by a dozen extensive establishments. It has very large saw mills, and wood is shipped to China, South America, Africa, Aus-

OUR LEADERS AT WINNIPEG.

The Campaign an Unprecedented Success—Over One Hundred at the Mercy Seat.

November 23, 1908.

The Winnipeg meetings of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' North-West Campaign have been an unprecedented success. The large Dominion Theatre was gorged both Sunday afternoon and night. Hundreds were in the street, being unable to get near the building.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Mapp were given a very warm welcome.

The Commissioner was in splendid trim, and his addresses electrified the crowds. Pentecostal fire fell, and there were over one hundred at the mercy seat for the week-end. There were some pathetic scenes amongst those who sought salvation.

Powerful services were held at the Penitentiary and Jail, and twenty-five converts decided for Christ.

The Councils reached highest water mark, and are being continued to-day.

There is a memorial service for departed comrades, to be held in the Citadel to-night. Faith runs high for a mighty time. The North-West Officers are in splendid fighting trim. Hallelujah!—Lieut.-Colonel Puginore

tralia, and Europe. The Provincial Asylum and Prison, and also the Penitentiary are located here.

A splendid, up-to-date Citadel has been erected, and it was in this building the meeting was held. It is scarcely necessary to say this was filled. Immediately the Commissioner put in an appearance, he received a very warm welcome. I am not quite sure whether this was not THE meeting of the series. God's arrows pierced many a heart. A wonderful prayer meeting followed, in which a number sought God. One of them was a backslider of over thirty years. The Officers of the Province and the Vancouver I. Band rendered splendid service.

Boys' Reformatory.—Accompanied by Staff-Captain Collier, it was my pleasure to conduct a service in the Reformatory. The Superintendent, Mr. Donaldson, is a great believer in

the work of The Army amongst the boys. A splendid reformatory work is in progress, while the Institution itself is in excellent condition. My! how the boys did sing! It would do our readers good to hear them sing, "Jesus knows all about our struggles." Thirty-five of them responded to our appeal to take Christ as their own Saviour and Friend.

The Commissioner and party had a hearty send-off at Vancouver Station.

Nelson, B. C.—After reaching Arrow Head, we spent ten hours on the Arrow Head Lakes. The scenery is beyond description. Nelson boasts of a population of six thousand, and bids fair to become the inland metropolis of British Columbia. It has direct rail and water communication with all the mining regions of West Kootenay and the boundary district. A most helpful meeting was held

on Sunday morning in the Citadel, which, though not very largely attended, was much owned by the presence of God, if judged by the penitent form results. The child of Mrs. Florence Jennings was dedicated to God under the flag, by the Commissioner. Florence got saved through The Army, while doing a term in jail. It was a clear conversion—a real change of heart and life. When she had completed half her term, the writer brought her case before the Minister of Justice at Ottawa, with the result that she was pardoned, and given into the care of The Army. That is almost three years ago. She immediately took her stand for God as a Salvationist, wearing the uniform and witnessing everywhere she went to the great change that had taken place. Since then she has married, has a comfortable home, and still enjoys the confidence of every citizen.

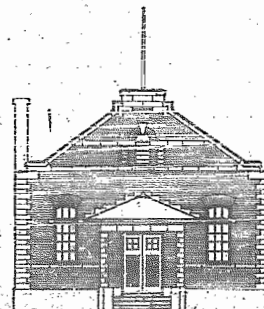
We were pleased to see a brother who got converted on the occasion of the Commissioner's last visit, and is still holding on. We also saw some of our Soldiers of the old days, from Congress Hall, Clapton, and Regent Hall, one coming miles to shake hands.

Sunday Afternoon. The meeting was held in the Opera House, Judge Crease presided, and was supported by prominent gentlemen of the city. The Commissioner rose splendidly to the occasion, and spoke of The (Continued on page 11.)



W. R. Ross, K. C., M.P.P.

Who presided at the Commissioner's meeting at Fernie, B. C.



THE SALVATION ARMY CITADEL, Fernie's New Citadel.

The Week-End's Despatches.

Another Good Week!

Soldier Comrade, What Have You Done to Bring it About, Eh?

The Bands of The Army are Amongst the Most Self-Sacrificing and Hard-Working of All the Forces of King Jesus.

STAFF-CAPT. BLOSS AT KINGSTON.

Twelve Souls Forward During Week-End.

(By Wire.)

The "Simultaneous" Soul-Saving Campaign is in full swing at Kingston. The week-end meetings, Nov. 21-22, conducted by Staff-Captain Bloss, were a grand success. Notwithstanding the epidemic, splendid crowds came to hear us in the open-air and indoors. Twelve souls came to the mercy seat, mostly young people. Young people's work is in good condition, also the Corps. Faith is high for winter soul-saving campaign. Bandsman and Mrs. Rogers welcomed from Ottawa, also Brother Elliott, from United States, and an old Soldier of twenty-five years' standing, rendered valuable assistance. The Band did noble service under able leadership of Bandmaster Christmas. A hearty welcome awaits Staff-Captain on his return.—Adjutant Parsons.

THE "BABY'S" START.

A Real "Glory Shop."

The first week-end at the Montreal "Baby" Corps No. VI, was a time of real blessing.

Captains Wright, Hurd, and Harbor, and the Montreal IV. Band rendered able assistance, also Major Miller and Staff-Captain Moore gave us a surprise visit in the afternoon.

The Spirit of God was manifest in every meeting, and the results of the meetings were eight souls at the mercy seat.

No. VI shows good signs of earning the title Major Miller conferred on it at the opening, when he said it is going to be a real "Glory Shop."

A GOOD LANTERN SERVICE.

Captain Buntin was at Guelph on Saturday and Sunday, November 7, 8. The meetings were full of inspiration and blessing. On Sunday morning several persons came forward to make a fuller consecration, and at night a man sought salvation. The lantern service on Monday night, "One of His Jewels," was well attended, and certainly appreciated. Our Corps is advancing under the leadership of Captain Turner and Lieutenant Pollitt.

Blenheim.—On Tuesday, November 17th, two precious souls volunteered for salvation. Deep conviction is still in our meetings, and many sinners are desiring prayers of the comforters. Captain McCormick and Lieutenant Bumpers are red-hot for souls. A revival is coming.—Corps Correspondent.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Seeks Salvation, Seven Others Follow.

On Sunday, November 15th, Hall, fax 1, received a downpour of blessings from God. In the afternoon, two souls found salvation, and at night following a red-hot prayer meeting, seven souls sought salvation. Captain Porter danced for joy. Captains Newell and Jaynes have left us for other appointments.

Our Shelter meetings are doing much good. The Griffee Brothers led on a recent Sunday. A week-old convert sang a touching solo, and two men (one a Professor of Music) knelt at the mercy seat.—J. M. P.

A VICTORIOUS WEEK.

A Sinning Girl's Repulsion.

Another week of victory is reported at Saskatoon. Four souls have sought salvation. Our Officers are leaving for the Councils in Winnipeg, but we, as Soldiers, are determined to keep the flag flying high. Several Christian friends from the country have blessed us by their words just recently.

A sinning young girl who was recently sent to jail because of her misdeeds, and finally landed in our Hall, has been received into her family once again, after a stay of one week with our Officers, who effected the re-union.—H. M.

RETURNED WITH FIRE.

Soldiers Dance For Joy.

The past few days have been days of great blessing to the Soldiers of Black Island. Most of them attended Commissioner Cadman's meetings at Exploits, and got baptised with the fire. On Friday night they came along to the meeting and brought the fire with them. Two souls came to the fountain, one for salvation, and the other for the blessing of a clean heart.

On Monday night another soul claimed deliverance from sin. Oh, how the Soldiers danced and sung as the seekers found the Saviour. And we feel there's more to come.—Rambler.

Captain Sproule and Lieutenant Owen have returned from Campbellford on Sunday, November 8th. For over thirteen months Captain has laboured faithfully here, and we regret his departure. The Lieutenant, who has been here four months, has also been a blessing to us. Publication-Sergeant Sister Williams has also left us for other fields.

On the Sunday night we had a grand time in the open-air, and a march which took up both sides of the street.—Topsy.

THE FIELD SECRETARY.

Visits the "Telephone" City.

Brantford.—On Friday, November 13th, a half-night of prayer for the meetings to be held by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin and Colonel Brengle was held in the Citadel.

On Saturday the Band and Soldiers marched through the snow to the G. T. R. station and met and escorted Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin to the Citadel, where they were given an enthusiastic reception and made to feel "quite at home" straight away.

The Colonel's address was listened to with eager attention by a large Saturday night audience.

After the 7 o'clock meeting on Sunday morning, the Colonel addressed the Bandmen, giving the members some valuable hints with admirable savoir faire. At 10 a.m., a valuable open-air meeting was held near the fire-hall, the Colonel making a profound impression on the firemen and others who heard him. He also entered the fire-hall and spoke personally to the men.

At the inside meeting, Colonel Gaskin delivered an eloquent address, full of reasoning power of the highest order, and showing the beauty of salvation in a very lucid manner.

In the afternoon, East Brantford was visited. The Colonel gave "Leaves from my Diary," in the inside meeting. The Rev. Mr. Patterson presided. At night, after the meeting on the market, the Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin conducted a large meeting in Victoria Hall. Two souls found salvation.

MINSTRELS OF SALVATION.

Visit to Yorkville a Success.

Although a holiday, Thanksgiving Day at Yorkville was especially favoured with a visit from the T. H. Q. Minstrels.

Previous to the service held in the upper Hall, a supper was held in the lower Hall, to which about one hundred Soldiers, Officers and friends sat down. A roving open-air meeting followed this. Several Headquarters Officers were present, and ably assisted by their singing and speaking. Ensign DeBow assisted the Minstrels, in the absence of Captain Marshall.

Following the preliminaries, the direction of the programme, a long, but wholly interesting affair, was handed over to W. Senlor, Esq., who spoke many words of eulogy of our Army work. The Hall was well filled, and appreciation of the various solos, vocal and instrumental, choruses, etc., was not lacking.

THE G. B. M. AGENT

is All Alive. He Visits Paris.

Paris was favoured with a visit from Captain Buntin, the G. B. M. Agent, for the week ending November 15th. On Saturday night the Captain gave a beautiful service, entitled, "One of His Jewels," which was very interesting. An enjoyable evening was closed by all doing justice to the cocoa and cake that was provided. Sunday was a day of victory; Captain Buntin was fully alive and in real earnest for souls. One soul came for salvation at night.

MUSICAL SPECIALS.

Another Band in Sight.

The Thanksgiving week-end services at Kematellu were conducted by Staff-Captain Bloss and Captain Wright, of Montreal, and their presence was much appreciated.

Saturday was announced as a musical meeting, and the various selections were both interesting and profitable.

On Sunday the Soldiers turned out in full force, and reinforced by the speech, fought a hard battle. Captain Wright remained over for Monday night, and favoured us with some more of his original songs.

Our outdoor and indoor meetings are well attended; the Soldiers are getting in full uniform and an effort is being made to organize a Brass Band.—One of Them.

A MIDNIGHT MARCH.

Four Souls Seek the Blessing.

Feverham has seen quite a number of souls saved lately. They are proving true to God and The Army.

Thanksgiving night we had a half-night of prayer, led by Captain Price. God came very near and four souls got the blessing of a clean heart. We closed with a midnight march through the town. Our numbers are increasing. Prance God.

Sunday, the 15th, great power was felt in our meetings, and four more souls surrendered to God; two of them being Juniors. We are still believing for greater victories this winter.—One of Them.

A CLEAN-UP.

Five Souls Forward at London I.

We have had quite a "clean-up" at London I. Many souls have sought salvation and cleansing during the past two weeks, and a large number of our converts are standing true as steel. Adjutant Williams and Captain Matier were with us Sunday, November 15th. The genial Irishman wonderfully inspired us with his hearty solos, and his talks, straight from the shoulder, brought five persons to the front for pardon.—Observer.

IN NATIVE COSTUME.

Orilla was recently visited by Adjutant Lewis, an old Canadian Officer, who has spent several years in India. The Adjutant's lectures on India were very touching and interesting. Crowds were drawn to the Hall by the Adjutant appearing on the street in native costume.—W. R.

Captain Sexton has been welcomed to — (correspondent omits where.) Already two souls have been forward; one for salvation and one for sanctification. Much conviction is evidenced in the meetings.—Corps Correspondent.

"Barra the Beautiful" has experienced some wonderful times of late. Drunkards have been converted, backsliders restored, believers sanctified, and under the leadership of Ensign and Mrs. Hancock we are going ahead again. All are looking forward to the Commissioner's visit.

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. GASKIN AT HAMILTON.

A Week-end of Good Crowds, Open Airs and Results.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, assisted by Major and Mrs. Green, conducted a series of special meetings at Hamilton, during the week-end, November 21-22. A splendid crowd welcomed the Colonel, whose visits have always been looked forward to.

Mrs. Gaskin gave a convincing and instructive address on Saturday night, as did also the Colonel.

Everything combined to make Sunday a wonderful time. "One thing have I desired," was the Colonel's topic in the holiness meeting, at the close of which three comrades sought a clean heart.

Previous to the afternoon meeting, the Colonel visited the Juniors, and at the close of his short address, clerical girls sought the Saviour.

Mrs. Gaskin gave another splendid address in the Senior meeting, and the Colonel followed with an address which might well be termed "a genuine treat."

An open-air meeting, attended by the largest number of Soldiers for years, was held at the Gore previous to the night meeting, for which the Colonel chose as the subject of his discourse, "Hell." Clear and conclusive proofs of the reality of eternal punishment for the wicked were shown and explained, and from which two men sought deliverance at the mercy seat. In connection with his address, the Colonel said that in a recent salvation meeting conducted by him, a man who came to the penitential form, shouted, "Colonel, it was the potatoes that did it." The mystery of the growth of a potato, as related by the Colonel, was too much for him.

A BUDGET OF NEWS.

Wopstock is Being Well Favoured.

Woodstock, Ont.—On Thursday night November 5th, one of our Band men led the meeting, and the following Thursday one of our Sisters took charge. Our Sunday afternoon meeting was of "fellowship" character, and it was good to be there. At night our Officer gave us a lesson in Scriptural Geography, the text being, "There is a River, the streams, etc."

On Monday night, Ensigna Price, of Hamilton, was with us. Her talk on the Rescue Work was very touching.

A Soldiers' Tea was held on Tuesday night.

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, if the Lord continues blessing us so richly, that you will not have space enough in the Cr. for all the news.—M. J. P. R. C.

TOOK PEOPLE BY STORM.

Lieut.-Colonel Turner and Major McGilivray at Parrsboro.

God is wonderfully helping and blessing us at Parrsboro, and not only are we blessed ourselves, but souls are being saved every week.

We had Colonel Turner and our new Divisional Officer, Major McGilivray with us for the week-end. The Colonel is always a welcome visitor to Parrsboro and the Major took the people by storm.

At the Sunday morning meeting, six souls came to the Cross and cried for pardon, and at the night meeting three more came and sought and found the Pearl of Great Price.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

(Continued from page 9.)

Army's work in many lands. He also spoke on The Army's great Social Work. The Salvation Army, he said, took into their heads the fact, not always realised by other organisations, that man had a body as well as a soul. Prayers were very little use when a man was starving. But long ago, we had learned the folly of indiscriminate charity. It belved in the ennobling effect of honest toil. One of the most endearing traits of The Army, was its determination never to give up a man. But if there was one class of people in the world he would hesitate about, it was the lazy class.

The Salvation Army had helped to pass the Children's Emancipation Bill in the last Government of Great Britain, that had rescued thirty thousand children from homes of drunkenness and infamy. Was it not a fact that some children were almost damned into the world. Immoral people were allowed to propagate their species, and thus, was growing up under their very eyes, a bigger crop of sinners than ever.

Revs. Mr. Powell (Methodist) and A. N. Frith (Baptist) also spoke, and endorsed the methods of The Army.

Sunday Night. The Opera House was again utilised for the night's service. A most intelligent and appreciative audience gathered, who drank in every word of the Commissioner's address, based on the words of Saul, "I have played the fool." There was much conviction when the invitation was given, a man and his

Lake, a magnificent sheet of water, and then over the Crow's Nest Pass. Huge rugged mountains appear on all sides, and lofty peaks scarred and seemed but they are easily circled.

It was a dreaching wet night, and the streets were in a dreadful condition, nevertheless, the brand new and beautiful Citadel was just on filled. Mayor Tuttle presided at the preliminary opening service, for the building was not quite completed. In his remarks the Mayor said he wished The Army had got an acre of ground on which to erect their buildings. The Salvation Army was the first religious body to have a building of its own since the fire. He said the trouble which had befallen the city was the greatest study of his life. Surely there must be a reason for it all. God had permitted it for some wise purpose. He was glad that all the citizens were now housed for the winter—thanks to the outside world, for those who had freely assisted with their means. On behalf of the City he bid The Army Leaders and their staff, a cordial welcome. In his address the Commissioner declared the building open. It had been erected for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He touched upon different phases of The Army's work for the amelioration of mankind.

It fell to the writers' lot to pull in the net, and three men and one woman responded to the appeal, and were the first to surrender to the claims of God in the new Citadel.

KEEP YOUR CONVERTS! Make them into Soldiers. Start them working to GET OTHERS SAVED. That will do them good, and the Corps as well.

wife walked out to the mercy seat and gave their hearts to God.

The visit of the Commissioner to Nelson was opportune, and we believe, will be the means of creating fresh interest among the people, and will give the work an impetus.

The Prison. Major Morris and Staff-Captain Morris, assisted the writer at a service which was held at the jail. There are, at the present, about fifty prisoners of different nationalities. At the close of a most helpful service, we had a word with each of them.

Cranbrook is a railway divisional point, a typical Western railway town; is situated in a hill-girt valley, surrounded by a dense forest growth, and overlooked by the white-tipped peaks of Baker Mountain. It has a population of 2,500, and is the centre of trade for the mining interests.

Brother Sims, of Toronto, with whom we travelled from Vancouver, spent the week-end at Cranbrook, and had a rousing time. In conjunction with the Officers, he arranged a Civic Reception to the Commissioner, as he passed through on his way to Fernie. Mayor Fink welcomed our Leader very warmly, and he was supported by Revs. Hughes (Methodist), Main (Presbyterian), Taylor (Baptist) and a number of citizens, as well as the Officers and Soldiers of the Corps. The Commissioner made a very suitable reply.

Fernie is a day's travel from Nelson, going first on the Kootenay

May it be made the birthplace of thousands of souls.

Great credit is due to Major Morris, and Capt. Latifaw, the architect and builder, for the way in which huge difficulties which were in the way, have been grappled with, and also for the information of War Cry readers, the Commissioner, on behalf of Territorial Headquarters, has contributed not a small share towards the success of the undertaking. In addition to the Citadel, a natty little Quarters for the Officers has also been put up and furnished.

Lethbridge, a fine little town in the cars during the night brought us to the progressive town of Lethbridge. This is a great mining centre. The output of the mines is very large, a market being found in the locality, in British Columbia, in the adjoining State of Montana, and as far East as Winnipeg. Monster Irrigation works have been constructed. These are gradually transforming what has hitherto been one of the vast cattle ranges of the West, into a fertile region in which people are finding wonderful opportunities for obtaining homes. The climate is altogether different to that of Fernie, although so short a distance apart. Here the Chinook (warm) breezes blow. It was not intended that we should do a meeting in Lethbridge, but we found that by cutting a little time out of our sleep, etc., it would be possible to do so. We have a splendid Corps of Soldiers and a Band of fourteen pieces, which play most creditably

indeed. The Opera House was filled to witness the "Bethlehem to Calvary" service, and which produced a profound impression on the audience. The Commissioner and party received a very warm welcome indeed. After the public service a Soldiers' Council was held in the Citadel, with the result that fourteen lives were laid on the altar for cleansing and service.

This is the parting of the ways—Major Morris, who has been the essence of kindness and consideration, returns to Vancouver, while Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs and their aides make tracks for their next appointments Eastward.

May God prosper the Pacific Province, and be gracious to its Army leaders—Major and Mrs. Morris.

More to follow.—Lieut.-Col. Fugmire.

PERSONALITIES.

(Continued from page 7.)

Ensign McEachern, late of Tweed, owing to ill health, has been forced to go on furlough. Ensign Rock has taken command.

Ensign Meeks has been appointed to Morrisburg, and Ensign McDonald to Gannanogue.

Captain Cosby, who, since the October Councils has been in Hamilton Hospital, with an attack of typhoid fever, has, we understand, been able to leave that institution, and is now on the highway to complete recovery.

Captain Harvey Lloyd has succeeded Captain Matier, as G. E. M. Provincial Special for the Western Province. Captain Matier is going on special work in connection with Christmas arrangements in Western Ontario.

Encouraging reports come to hand concerning the "Baby" Corps—Montreal VI. Souls are being saved and the outlook is bright.

Mr. Reid, of the Reid-Newfoundland Railway Co., recently phoned Lieut.-Colonel Rees stating that he had placed several carloads of wood at the Colonel's disposal for distribution to the poor.

Undoubtedly, The Army is making a mark for everlasting good in the sea-girt Isle.

Captain Palmer, who has been kept away from Headquarters for several days, owing to illness, is so far recovered as to be present at Headquarters. We were all delighted to see him back. He is looking a bit thin and run down, but we hope he will soon be his usual self. Captain Palmer is one of the many young men at Headquarters who are decidedly popular amongst their comrades.

CLINTON'S CAMPAIGN.

The Revival Spirit is spreading, and has reached Clinton Corps. Staff-Captain Hay, our worthy D. O., assisted by Captain Ramer, also the Officers from the surrounding Corps have been conducting nine days' Revival meetings in our midst. The Holy Spirit did His work and men and women cried to God for pardon. A number were out for sanctification, and many others are deeply under conviction.—One Interested.

People who Practise Strange Religious Customs.

"Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life." Profound pity will be created by this article with the peoples that "sit in darkness and the shadow of death."



"Lay Aside Every Weight"—This Fakir Carries Over 6 Cwt.

HAVE you seen the man wearing six hundred pounds of chains, who is being sent to Mecca as freight?" This question was fairly panted out, by an excited boy, who rushed into the house and, grasping his mother's hand, tried to pull her towards the door as he continued his graphic description of a wretched creature he had just seen. "Yes, mother, it's quite true, it is; let's go and see him."

Of curiosity was a bit excited over what the child had painted as an object of interest. We seem always to seek out the abnormal. It is a human characteristic the world over, by no means over-developed in youth. The boy acted as our guide to the spot, feeling no small degree of superior knowledge as he tried to tell us exactly what the man looked like. "You see, mother," rattled on the chatty youth, "he is too heavy to go as a passenger. His servant bought a ticket and paid full fare, but did not tell them about the chains—six hundred pounds, mother, just think of it!—and he's afraid to get on the scales to be weighed, for the men said he must go as freight."

By this time we had reached the free rest-house for native travellers, where this creature had taken up his abode and was stretched out, a helpless, breathing heap, on a native mat, his head resting on a hard pillow. By the aid of his faithful servant, the chains clanking at every move, he was able to rise and stand under the great burden. Besides the chains, several bags were suspended from the ends, and a small iron mallet dangled at his breast. Although he could not move without help, these were used to tether him to his place of rest.

It is far beyond language, to describe the sensations experienced in looking upon such an object. The half-dugout melts into pity in realising that it was a desire—a burning desire to attain unto the purer and better things of life, that led to such horrid and merciless measures. Should such a form of punishment be established as a system in any country of the world, it would bring down upon that Government the execration of all mankind.

Through our interpreter he explained that he voluntarily assumed

the first of this burden twenty-four years before. In his youth he was inclined to evil. As a young man he had a great desire to be better—to live a good life; but he was very wicked and full of sin, so much so, that he was helpless in trying to overcome his vices. In despair of ever subduing his evil inclinations, he conceived the idea of chains, and ordered himself to be tethered out after the manner of securing a cow to a given place. Defeated in his object, for he often unchained himself and again landed in evil, additional weight was attached, until it was far beyond his power to move. The pathos of his brave attempt at a pure life, was really heart-rending.

His face was open, frank, and honest, but it must be said that it was far from a spiritual expression that shone from it. There is no doubt that for all these years he has been engaged in a desperate struggle with an inborn tendency to sin. Had he not known and understood the cry of the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," this would have made possible a pure life without chains. He was finally shipped to Mecca as freight. The steamer that was riding at anchor in Bombay Harbour was no ordinary craft, sailing on its usual trip. It was a special steamer, going on a special mission. Hundreds of men and women were huddled together in groups of their caste, "pressed down" and fairly running over at every possible turn. They chatted away, undaunted by threatened storms and the long voyage before them. Strong of hope, their faces were turned towards the spot where the vital principles of



A Parsi in the Wedding Gown of Christ's Day. Used also for Funerals.

earnestness which we are all bound to respect, no matter how widely remote our own ideas may be. I have not the slightest doubt that in their bosoms burned all of the higher desires, outer motives, and nobler affections kindled in the heart of the Western pilgrim who sets face towards his own Holy City.

The passenger list was made up of the great rank and file of believers, a large percentage of whom were advanced in years, and were now spending the scanty earnings or at least savings of a lifetime. But there stood out among them a few more wretched-looking than the general company. Attracted by the spectacle, I gravitated towards one rather more object-looking than the others, and found him to be a Mohammedan fakir whose whole life had been spent doing penance. In the hope of reaching a state of holiness. To associate that word with such a pitiable object was impossible. There he was, fresh from a journey of over twenty miles, every foot of which had been covered by crawling, snake-fashion, over the dusty, stony high-



Devourers of the Dead. The Bombay Towers of Silence.

their faith found source. This was probably the supreme moment of each life. A long-cherished desire was about to be fulfilled at last. They had set out towards the goal of their highest ambitions. No patriot ever sung the praises of his home land, no Hebrew of old ever cast more wistful eyes towards the country of promise, than did these followers of the "only true prophet." In an attempt to give any description of the whole company, this rich language of ours becomes an impoverished one, so removed from all possibility of word painting was the scene before us.

But in the midst of these scantily-clad, underfed, self-sacrificing people, whose chief equipment consisted of clothing, but of individual cooking utensils, there was an atmosphere of

way. His matted hair, innocent of the use of comb, thick with a yellowish dust and grime like tur-dalis, fell on either side of a putty-like face, unlighted by the first gleam of intelligence, resembling dried clay baked in an over-heated oven. As an expression of deepest humility, he was clad in sack-cloth and ashes—chiefly ashes, for the former was cast aside as unbearable, because of the intense heat. His luggage consisted of a water-gourd and a string of well-worn prayer-heads, both of which were guarded with religious zeal.

His companion had endured no less torture to subdue the carnal, but in appearance was vastly superior. In a moment of what he believed to be Divine inspiration, he made a vow

that the hand which had once committed an evil deed should for ever become powerless. Thrusting the offending member far above his head, he resolved that it never again should be lowered. For twenty years he had held it in that position, until now, it had grown firm and fast. It seems past belief, but when I tried to pull it down, I found it as immovable as the arm of a marble or bronze statue. Thus he lives, a useless factor in either the material or spiritual world. The great bell warned us off the ship, and from the lauding we watched it sail away with its human cargo of immortal souls, "created in the image of God."

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

The following letter was recently received at Headquarters. It reveals a little of the good that is being done by the Simultaneous Soul-Saving Campaign.

NOT DEAD—BUT SAVED.

"Dear Officers and Converts,—I heartily wish to thank you, one and all for the good you have done. You all know the shock I got on Sunday, when I heard that my husband got killed in the North-West. To my surprise, who should I see this morning, but you, and I almost the first words he said were 'Can you say, Praise the Lord?' Well, of course I could say that, but then asked him, 'How was it that he was able to say it?'"

"He told me that on his return from the West, he stayed over in Toronto, where he heard The Army. He got blessed by the general. 'No one can tell the anguish I was in about his soul; when I heard he was killed. It was only a false report, though his people were notified that his corpse was at the station. Bless God, he died unto sin. 'No more tobacco for me, wife,' he said. Well, I owe his conversion to The Army, and may there be many more saved likewise. God, bless you all. My husband will write in a few days, telling how he is getting on in his soul. My husband said once in The War Cry, but little did I know that it came from him.—Mrs. R. J. Moore, Langton."

HE CAME BACK.

"Editor of the War Cry,—A little incident happened in the store here, some two weeks ago, which, though nothing in itself, yet, when I look back upon The Salvation Army of twenty years ago and today, to me it means a lot.

When one of our clerks attends to a man and he goes out without making a purchase, generally want to find out why. One of our clerks, whom I do not think ever gives The Army a second thought, was waiting on a man, and made no sale. I asked the reason why.

With most customers, as we cause to get out, they say, 'Put the suit or overcoat away, and I will get it later.' As a rule, that means goodbye.

This man went out, and the clerk, with the utmost confidence, said 'He will call for the suit next Friday.' On asking how he knew, his answer was, 'He is a member of The Salvation Army.'

I said no more, but waited developments. To-day the S. A. man was here as promised.

I wish you every success in your noble work. I have taken your paper for many years, and find many good things in the same."

COUNSEL AND ADVICE.

Young men and women in need of counsel and advice on matters affecting either their personal experience, their work, their health, or their companionship, are invited to communicate with me at the following address, when I shall be glad to render them any help I can. All such communications will be treated as strictly confidential.

Please write the name and address distinctly giving: Christian and surname, Maiden name, envelope, "Young People's Counselor."

Major C. W. Doughton,
Young People's Secretary,
James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Is there a Soldier at your Corps who would make an Officer? If so, it is your duty to point up him as her to a full surrender, and leave all for the Training College.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

THE GENERAL.

The General met about one thousand London Officers on Monday, November 9th, at Ten in the Congress Hall, after which an adjournment was made to a neighbouring Chapel. Here The General spoke for over two hours, giving a most interesting description of his South African visit, and telling of advances carried out or in contemplation in the near future in various parts of the world.

One of Colonel Hoggard's letters, describing salvation scenes in Korea was read, and created much interest.

The General referred touchingly to the loss sustained by Commissioner and Mrs. Howard, in the promotion to glory of their youngest son from the Indian battlefield, and the Commissioners, who had only returned from Canada a day or two previously, also referred touchingly to the grief which has come into their lives, but at the same time stating that the sacrifice had been fully and freely made in accordance with the will of God.

JAPAN.

Arrival of Acting-Commissioner Hodder. The first letters written by Acting-Commissioner Hodder after his arrival in Japan have now come to hand. The Commissioner states that the arrival of his party at Yokohama coincided exactly with the visit of the American Fleet. In preparation for the latter the harbour and town were profusely decorated, and a scene of the greatest animation prevailed. What interested the Commissioner most, however, was the band of Salvationists who were waiting on the quay, with the dear Army Flag flying and other banners of welcome. Their shouts of joy and greeting went straight to the Commissioner's heart.

Captains Sakai and Uyemura. These two Japanese men-Officers have passed successfully through the recent International Training Session, and are sailing on November 14th for their native land. It is intended that two Japanese women-Officers shall take part in the next Session commencing in January.

KOREA.

Most interesting accounts have been received from Colonel Hoggard of the commencement of operations in this newly opened country.

As mentioned last week, the Colonel, a few days after arrival, commenced meetings in his own house. The crowd being too great for the room at his disposal, had to assemble on the grass in front of the house and thus open-air meetings were speedily begun. The Japanese Police came up to disperse the people, but allowed them to remain, on being assured by the Colonel that he did not want them sent away. Our party was able to sing a few Choruses in the Korean language, such as "Whiter than snow," and "Glory to His Name." The rest of the proceedings had to be conducted through an interpreter, but the Spirit of God was present in power, and at the close eighteen souls were kneeling on the grass, crying to God for salvation.

Colonel Hoggard believes that we shall soon have a force of Blood and Fire Salvationists raised up in

MOTHER, what about your daughter? **FATHER**, what about your son? **Are you keeping them back from the Training College? God wants your Isaac! Place him on the altar.**

Korea. He has already received an invitation to open up in a town one hundred miles from Seoul, and two of the resident gentlemen have promised to provide a house and meeting room free of charge.

INDIA.

Commissioners Fakir Singh and Dutt. The Commissioners' visit to Gujarat and Western Indian Territory has been a decided success. Two interesting meetings were held amongst the Bheels, formerly a wild tribe, amongst whom Salvation Army work has yielded excellent results.

be able to go to the bills for a change of climate. The epidemic has now almost disappeared from Madras.

Cholera at Ellore. Unfortunately, cholera recently appeared in our Girls' Boarding School at Ellore, and two little girls died. A brave German woman-Officer (Ensign Kreil) was in charge, and no other European Officers were resident within one hundred miles. Both the little sufferers died in the Ensign's arms.

UNITED STATES.

An Ohio newspaper man who had fallen a victim to drink, drugs, and

financial stringency had much to do with this, the brewers are looking angrily at the W. C. T. U., and The Salvation Army forces, who, in the last year, have conducted a personal canvass from saloon to saloon, and most of the brewers are of the opinion that these people did more to reduce the consumption of beer than did the hard times.

Popular Saturday night services are being conducted at Cleveland Citadel. The Programme includes lectures on Japan, Egypt, and India, by Professors from the leading Colleges.

Colonel Evans has been elected as a member of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce; a representative body, composed of some two thousand citizens.

FINLAND.

Lieut-Colonel William Howard, the eldest son of Commissioner Howard, is at present on a short visit to London.

SOCIAL FACTS.

These Figures are Interesting.

Below, we give a statement as to the workings of the Enquiry, Prison-Gate Brigade, and Toronto Free Labour Bureau, for the month of September.

Enquiry.

Number of—	1,145
Prisoners prayed with	287
Prisoners interviewed	56
Prisoners given employment	136
Prisoners met on discharge	113
Meetings held in prisons	70
Prisoners professed conversion	1,683
Publications given prisoners	215
Meals supplied ex-prisoners	63
Pieces of clothing given ex-prisoners	411½
Hours spent in prison work	109
Beds supplied ex-prisoners	20
Ex-Prisoners assisted with fare	

Toronto Free Labour Bureau.	
Men found employment	263
Men found permanent employment	22
Total	225

Toronto Police Court, Men's Side.	
Number of—	157

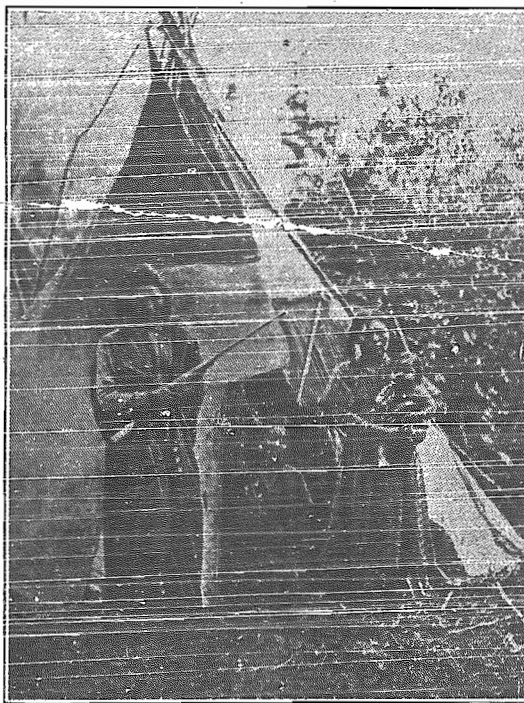
Prisoners interviewed	57
Prisoners spoken for	64
Handed over to S. A., or let go	10
Found employment	54
Returned to friends and situations	86
Meals Supplied	2
Fares paid	27
Beds supplied	63½
Hours spent in P. C. work	

Women's Side.

Prisoners interviewed	13
Prisoners spoken for	1
Handed over to The Army	39
Hours spent in P. C. Work	

MUSIC IN THE NORTH.

Major and Mrs. Plant visited New Liskeard, Friday, November 6th. The service entitled, "Around the World is a Chariot of Music and Song," was magnificent, the like of which we have never before seen. On Sunday we had a splendid day, and one soul came to God. One of the Warriors.



Kootenay, B. C., Indians. The Salvation Army Has a Most Encouraging Missionary Work Amongst the B. C. Indians.

At Dohed, there was a large attendance of high-caste Hindoos and Mohammedans at a public cinematograph meeting, and at a town called Nadlad, the Commissioner delivered a lecture in Hindustani, before a number of leading native gentlemen.

Medical Work. Doctor and Mrs. Jones are sailing to-day for India. The Doctor goes to take charge of the Emery Hospital at Anand, Gujarat. These comrades have put up some good work as Soldiers of the Corps in South Wales, to which they have been attached, and are going out to India fully determined to do everything in their power for the bodily and spiritual salvation of those with whom they will be brought in contact.

Lieut-Colonel Puramal. Lieut-Colonel Puramal (Mrs. Stevens) who recently had a severe attack of Cholera, has so far recovered as to

tobacco, was recently helped by two of our Officers at Grand Rapids. The Officers were returning home from their evening meeting, when accosted by the man. He was almost in delirium, and asked them if they thought there was any hope for him.

They responded by taking him to the Hall, where they prayed and pleaded with him until after midnight. At last they secured a promise from him to make one more effort to brace up and take the place in life his ability and training fitted him for.

Since that night, he has not touched liquor, drugs or tobacco.

Colonels Peart and Wright, recently took part in a soul-saving campaign on the New York Brewery, with good results.

Beer-drinking in Pittsburg was reduced 333,000 barrels in the year ending with October. While the

A Call to the Front

WANTED—for the next Session of Training, commencing in February, 1909, a number of consecrated young men and women. To those who are anxious to use their time and talents in building up the Kingdom of God—and thus laying up treasure in Heaven—this is an opportunity the angels would covet.

Time is fleeting! and with it your opportunities. You cannot recall the past, but the future is **YOURS**.

To the front! no more delaying;
Wounded spirits need thy cure;
To the front! the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.

Apply **TODAY** to your Provincial Commander, or to

BRICADIER SOUTHALL,

Candidates' Department,

E. A. Young,

Toronto, Ont.

BEAUTY AND THE "BEAST."

A Striking Rescue Incident from Australia.

In Australia there are established, for the rescue of fallen women, sixteen Homes, with accommodation for 373. Amongst those received during the year was a beautiful young Italian woman, who was the victim of wrongs which dragged her out of civilisation. A procurer at Kalgoorlie, in Western Australia, went to Italy, and by advertising for servants, decoyed to Kalgoorlie, this young girl, who left home and friends and came, where she was introduced into a brothel kept by her mistress. She was compelled to dress like the inmates, and told that was the custom of the country. She was ordered to go on to the verandah of the house, and signal to men passing so as to lure them into the house. She refused, and was then locked into a room, to which men were sent every day for three weeks, during which her body was continually subjected to the lust of these brutes. At the end of that time, during the absence of her mistress, she was able to speak to an Italian painter (she could not speak English), who was engaged in renovating the house where she was detained. She told him her story; an escape was planned, and successfully carried out. She reached Perth, where she told her story to the police, and was sent to the Salvation Army Home. The woman who had decoyed her, and her paramour, were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The girl was afterwards sought, and coaxed to leave the Army. She stood firm, was afterwards converted, and has since returned to her native land, to work for Christ among her countrywomen.

Such are some of the stories connected with our Social Work in Australasia, which show how bravely the Army is fighting against the immorality, crime and poverty of the Island Continent.

Whenever the church wakes up, it is found out that the devil is also awake.

If heaven could be bought out for a price, some rich rascal couldn't be kept out.

The Christmas War Cry, 1908

This is a Splendid Number, and is Sure to Give Satisfaction to all who Purchase it.

Pictorial Features.

THERE ARE IN THIS NUMBER NO FEWER THAN EIGHTY PICTURES, TWO OF THEM BEING TWO PAGES IN SIZE.

Christmas Eve in An Army Shelter.

by a celebrated English Artist, is a masterpiece of characterisation. Amongst the crowd of homeless men highbrowed intellectually, thoughtful and venerable, elbows Degeneracy, lowbrowed and heavy-jowled. The barges out of work, sits shoulder to shoulder with the stranded shop-keeper. The man of education and refinement—which still clings to him in spite of his poverty—sits on the same bench as the blaspheming product of a London alley. The whole atmosphere of a S. A. Shelter is most faithfully depicted.

"Is the Firing Line"

Is the reproduction of a most striking military picture, by R. Caton Woodville. This is no scene of dreadful carnage, but an act of humanity on the part of a British soldier, that will make all Britishers—whether Colonial-born or British-bred, proud of their compatriot.

The Commissioner's Newest Portrait.

This is a splendid art photograph of our beloved leader, printed in two colours, and will be greatly appreciated.

Canadian Fun at Christmas.

How the children like winter time, don't they? Well, this is a collection of photographs showing the fun that children get with their skates, sleighs, etc., at Christmas. If new comers want to send something to the Old Country, to let the dear ones at home see what Canada is like in winter, they can't do better than send them a Christmas Cry.

Our Cover—The Spirit of Christmas.

This is a fine picture, reproduced by the tri-colour process. It depicts that magnificent peak, Mount Sir Donald, in the Rockies. The magnificent pines, the purple depths of the ravines, the delicate gradations of pink, lemon, and blue on the snowy uplands are beautifully depicted, but all this forms only a setting to a central panel with, old gold border, that encircles the head and bust of a Salvation Army lassie in all the glory of a crown coat and astrachan cap, who stands by a tripod collecting pot, asking the generous to help the poor—this is the artist's conception of the spirit of Christmas. We hope you will all enter into that spirit.

There are, of course, many more pictures of great interest—perhaps we may be able to say more about them later.

A Voice from the Press Room.

The Printing Department shows feverish activity. The Christmas War Cry is the cause. One can hardly move in the press room, without bumping into a pile of paper, printed or unprinted. Three of the proof-readers worked all through Friday, then Friday night, and finished Saturday at eleven, tired, but glad! A large staff of girls is busy inserting the art and magazine section into the covers, stitching these together and then turning them over to a brother, who trims three of its edges, and who has to be careful or he will trim his finger-nails by the same operation, free of charge. However, all is well that ends well, and the printers hope to be in at the finish.

THE BEST TEN CENTS WORTH PUBLISHED IN CANADA.

MISSING.

(Second insertion.)

6935. WEBB FESTUS R. Height 5ft.; light complexion; right arm crooked; right little finger crooked. Last heard of near Buffalo, N. Y. Supposed to be on a farm in Canada.

6963. HOLBROOK, WINNIFRED MURIEL. Last heard of ten years ago; and was then living with some friends in Toronto, Ont. This girl, who is nineteen years of age, may be going by the name of Morton. She may have a mark on her face which she received from a kick of a horse when young. Older brother anxious to find her.

6962. SMITH, FRANK. Missing eleven years. Age 50; dark complexion; blind in one eye; height 5ft. 9in. Wife anxious.

6881. BLANDWOOD, JAMES. Supposed to have come to Canada in the last week of June, 1908. Age 48; height 5ft. 8in.; brown hair, very short and getting thin; bluish-grey eyes; fresh complexion; late of Halifax, York, England. May be in store or working round horses, being an amateur veterinary surgeon. Wife has good news.

6160. JOYNER, FREDERICK. Has not been heard from for eight years, and was supposed to be living in Brandon three years ago. Age 52; fair hair; fair complexion and blue eyes. Wife anxious.

6845. HOWARD, WILLIAM. Age 42; height a little over five feet; grey hair and eyes; fair complexion. Last letters received by wife dated Feb. 8th, 1908, were sent from Toronto. Name and address of Mr. H. perhaps go by name of Hongat.

6822. VICTORSON, LIFPMAN. Age 27; medium height; gray eyes; black hair; fresh complexion; Jewish nose. Last heard of heading fruit on the wharves at Dawson City Alaska, in September, 1900. Mother enquires.

6927. DRYSDALE, CHAS. Went to Australia fourteen years ago, and from there, he came to Montreal. Age 46; height 5ft. 8in.; blue eyes; fair hair and complexion. Grocer or saloon-keeper. Last heard of in Montreal, Quebec.

6826. CURRAN, JOSEPH MORRIS. This man's mother has not heard from him for nearly two years. His last known address is Winnipeg, Man. Age 37; height 5ft. 10in.; fair hair and gray eyes; dark eyebrows; fair complexion; is a builder and mason by trade.

6784. CLARKE, CHARLES VICTOR. Came to Canada, and is supposed to be in Montreal at present.

6774. MURRAY, HERBERT. Came from Belfast, Ireland, four months ago. Last heard of in Hamilton, Ohio, U.S.A.

6952. MADDEN SISTERS (Mary Jane and Helen). Last seen in the year 1872, in the Town of Brockville. Sister Elizabeth Sophia Madden (now Clow) is very anxious for news.

6945. WALTER, HERBERT HORACE. Came to Canada in August, 1905, and last wrote to his friends in March, 1907. He is a harness-maker, age 34; height 5ft. 11in.; dark hair and gray eyes, ordinary complexion. Last in left eye. News wanted.

6570. RAYNOR CHARLES. The above is a commercial traveller, who came to Canada and has not been heard of since September, 1907. Age 42; thick-set; smart appearance; commercial style; is dark, and about 5ft. 10in. in height. Is known to have been in Buffalo, N. Y., Niagara Falls and Stratford, Ontario. Poor wife anxious.

6844. PERCIVAL, M. W. C. DR. This gentleman is a Doctor of Medicine; age 58; height 5ft. 11in.; grey hair; dark eyes; pale complexion; missing five years. Last heard of in 1903, in Patea, Taranaki, N. Z. May go by name of Cairns or Montague.

6803. PARKER, CHARLES. Left Dudley in 1902, and came to Canada to work on the Canadian Central and Hudson Bay Railway. Has not been heard from since August, 1904, when he wrote saying that he was going to try to beat his way to Winnipeg, Man. Was supposed to have been on Erie Railway, U.S.A.

BAND INSTRUMENTS.

The Franco-British Exhibition has just awarded a Gold Medal to the Musical Instrument Department for excellence in the manufacture of Brass Band Instruments. The Department has now exhibited twice and has secured a Gold Medal each time, the first occasion being at the New Zealand Exhibition last year.

GOLD MEDALS

NEW ZEALAND, 1907

LONDON, ENG., 1908

The Prices for "Our Own Make" in Class A. are as follows:

		Brass	Silver-Plated			Brass	Silver-Plated
Cornets—The Bandmaster's—Nothing Better made.....		\$75 00				25 00	37 50
Cornets—Class A—in case.....	\$40 00	50 00		Trombones.....		to	to
Flugel Horns.....	37 50	50 00				42 50	55 00
Tenors—Solo Model.....	50 00	67 50		Bass—Eb.....		85 00	137 00
Tenors.....	40 00	57 50		Bass—Medium.....		105 00	170 00
Baritones.....	55 00	82 50		Bass—Monstre.....		125 00	205 00
Euphoniums.....	75 00	110 00					

Intending purchasers should place themselves in communication with the Trade Department stating their requirements, and they may be certain that they will get Reliable Instruments, and will receive every attention, courtesy and consideration. Write for Catalogue.

Book Department.

OUR MASTER

The Latest work by the Chief of the Staff. It is a book for thoughtful study, and will be found very helpful and satisfactory.

Price, Post-paid 50c.

HELPS TO HOLINESS. By Colonel Bregle. Cloth, 35c.; Paper, 15c.

HEART-TALKS ON HOLINESS. By Colonel Bregle. Cloth, 35c.; Paper, 15c.

THE WAY OF HOLINESS. By Colonel Bregle. Half Cloth, 15c.

WHAT HINDERS YOU? By Mrs. Colonel Bregle. Cloth, 35c.

20th CENTURY

NEW TESTAMENT

This is a new translation of the New Testament into simple, modern English—good, direct, simple and dignified.

Price, Post-paid 75c.

J. S. Library and Prize Books.

Full and Complete Lines of the Above. Order Quickly.

The following testimonials bespeak their worth, and appreciation of Commanding Officers and J. S. Workers. Write for Catalogue.

Belleville, Oct. 30th, 1908.

The Trade Secretary, Toronto:

My Dear Brigadier,—The books duly to hand for the J. S. Library. I have glanced through the reading matter, and think it is excellent for our Young People. All the J. S. Workers who have seen the books think with me that they are splendid, and are delighted with them. We hope to still further extend our book-shelves a little later. God bless you!

Yours in Him,

Harry H. Turner, Captain.

Bracebridge, August 31st, 1908.

The Trade Secretary, Toronto:

Dear Brigadier,—The consignment of Books for our J. S. Library received. Being a lover of good books, it was not long before I was turning the pages, and taking stock of their contents. I am certainly pleased with them; for the binding is strong and durable, and the reading matter appears to be excellent. Have no doubt but that the J. S. Workers and scholars will also be pleased. Thanking you for the quick despatch, I remain,

Yours in the War,

Hedley V. Jones, Captain.

Scripture Texts and Mottoes.

Our effort to please and success attained can be readily recognized by perusing the following testimonials:

Portage la Prairie, Man., Oct. 28th, 1908.

The Trade Secretary, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find \$10.00 order, for which you will please send me a number of Wall Texts. I will let you select them for me as before. I got the Texts about nine o'clock, and they were all sold by six that night. Send as soon as possible and oblige.

Yours, etc.,

Charles Miller.

Midland, Oct. 16th, 1908.

Brigadier Scott-Potter:

Dear Brigadier,—Will you kindly send me, by return, Packet No. 3 of Mottoes. The others went like hot cakes on a frosty morning. Everybody was delighted, and the general opinion is that they are the best lot they've ever seen.

Yours faithfully,

Fred. Ashton.

Liberal Terms to Energetic Men and Women who are Desirous of Adding to Their Present Income. Write for Particulars.

The Trade Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Salvation Songs

1 O Lamb of God, Thou wonderful
Sinner-bearer,
Hard after Thee my soul doth
follow on;
As pants the hart for streams in des-
ert dreary,
So thirsts my soul for Thee, O Thou
Life-giving one.

Descend the heavens Thou whom my
soul adareth,
Exchange Thy throne for my poor
longing heart,
For Thee for Thee! I watch as for
the morning,
Apart from Thee, no rest, peace, or
joy do I find.

Come, holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid
bestow,
Destroy the works of 'sin, the self,
the pride;
Burn, burn in me, my idols over-
throwing,
Prepare my heart for Him—for my
Lord crucified.

Tunes.—Welcome, sweet day, 7c,
C and Bb; Silchester, 75; Song
Book, No. 468.

2 Spirit of faith come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead
known,
And witness with the Blood.

'Tis Thine the Blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see
Who did for every sinner die.
Hush surely died for me.

Then, only then, we feel,
Our interest in His blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

Tunes.—Come, comrades, dear, 136,
A and C; He Lives, 132; Song
Book, No. 239.

3 Come, comrades, dear, who love
The Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus'
word,
In Jesus' ways go on.
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there
When we arrive at Home.

And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply.
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth
To living streams of richest worth
That never will run dry.

Tune.—Joy in The Salvation Army,
247.

4 Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The
salvation Army.
Joy! joy! joy! in The Army of the
Lord
Sing to God, sing to God, with loud,
joyful songs of praise:
Beat the drums, beat the drums,
while salvation music plays.
Play the music, play, sing the happy
song,
Loud hosannas shout with the happy
thrang,
To the happy land we'll march along,
We'll be joyful all the way.

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The
Salvation Army.
Joy! joy! joy! in The Army of the
Lord
Blood and Fire, Blood and Fire, is
The Army Soldier's might,
Blood and Fire, Blood and Fire, is
our victory in the fight.
'Tis the Blood and Fire gives the
battle cry.
'Tis the Blood and Fire makes the
fee to die.
'Tis the Blood and Fire gives The
Army joy
And victory all the way.

Tunes.—Behold the Saviour, 23, Eb
and G; Lord, fill my craving
heart, 46; Large Song Book, No.
8.

5 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Walked to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

Hark! how He groans, while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

MONTREAL 1, Saturday and Sunday, December 5 and 6
LIPPINCOTT STREET (Half Night of Prayer) Wednesday, Dec. 9
LISGAR STREET Thursday, December 10
HAMILTON Sunday, December 13
DOVERCOURT (Half Night of Prayer) Wednesday, December 16
GUELPH Thursday, December 17
RIVERDALE (11 a.m. and 3 p.m.) Sunday, December 20
YORKVILLE (11 a.m. and 3 p.m.) Sunday, December 27
TEMPLE (Watchnight) Thursday, December 31
BRANTFORD Sunday, January 3
STRATFORD Tuesday, January 5
BERLIN Thursday, January 7

THE COMMISSIONER will be assisted in his Toronto Campaign
by T. H. O. STAFF, and at other appointments by LIEUT.
COLONEL PUGMIRE and Staff-Capt. Morris.

The Temple's veil in runder breaks—
The cold marbles read.

But soon He'll break death's en-
vious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

Tunes.—Remember me, 58, G and
Ab; Belmont, 24; Song Book,
No. 6.

6 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Did He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for sins that I have done
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Headquarters' Specials. Simultaneous Salvation Campaign.

BRIGADIER POTTER.

Esther Street—Thursday, December
10th, to Monday, Dec. 14th, except
Sunday night.

Lisgar Street—Saturday, Dec. 26th,
to Monday, Dec. 28th, except Sun-
day night.

Yorkville—Thursday, January 7th, to
Monday, Jan. 11th, inclusive.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SOUTHALE.
Dovercourt—Thursday, Dec. 10th, to
Monday, Dec. 14th, except Sunday
night.

Esther Street—Saturday, Dec. 26th,
to Monday, December 28th, except
Sunday night.

Riverdale—Thursday, Jan. 7th, to
Monday, January 11th.

BRIGADIER COLLIER AND SOCIAL
STAFF.

Dovercourt—Thursday, Dec. 3rd, to
Monday, Dec. 7th.

Parliament Street—Thursday, Dec.
17th, to Monday, Dec. 21st, except
Sunday night.

Wychwood—Friday, January 1st, to
Monday, January 4th.

MAJOR RAWLING.

Wychwood—Thursday, Dec. 10th, to
Monday, Dec. 14th, except Sunday
night.

Lippincott Street—Saturday, Dec.
26th, to Monday, Dec. 28th, except
Sunday night.

Esther Street—Thursday, January
7th, to Monday, January 11th.

MAJOR SIMCO.

Uxbridge—Saturday, December 12th,
to Tuesday, Dec. 22nd.

Lindsay—Saturday, January 2nd, to
Tuesday, January 12th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MANTON.
Stratford—Saturday and Sunday, De-
cember 5th to 13, inclusive.

STAFF-CAPTAINS TURPIN AND
CAVE'S BRIGADE.
Wychwood—Thursday, Dec. 17th, to
Monday, December 21st, except
Sunday night.

Yorkville—Friday, January 1st, to
Monday, January 4th.

SALVATION MINSTRELS.
Chester—Thursday, Dec. 3rd, to Mon-
day, Dec. 7th.

Esther Street—Thursday, Dec. 17th,
to Monday, Dec. 21st, except Sun-
day night.

West Toronto—Friday, January 1st,
to Monday, Jan. 4th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ARNOLD'S BRI-
GADE.
Wychwood—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to
Monday, Nov. 30th.

Lippincott Street—Thursday, Dec.
10th, to Monday, Dec. 14th, except
Sunday night.

Chester—Saturday, Dec. 26th, to
Monday, Dec. 28th, except Sunday
night.

West Toronto—Thursday, Jan. 7th,
to Monday, Jan. 11th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ATTWELL'S BRI-
GADE.
Parliament Street—Thursday, Dec.
10th, to Monday, Dec. 14th, except
Sunday night.

West Toronto—Saturday, Dec. 26th,
to Monday, Dec. 28th, except Sun-
day night.

Wychwood—Thursday, Jan. 7th,
to Monday, Jan. 11th.

THE MASSEY HALL

During the Winter a Series of
Striking Sunday Night
Meetings will be held in this
Hall. The following are the
Fixtures for the Months of
November and December:

DARKEST AMERICA (Illustrated) by Lieut.
Col. Damon—Sunday Dec. 6

WOMEN'S SOCIAL SERVICE—By MRS.
COMMISSIONER COMBES—Sunday
Dec. 13

FROM BETHLEHEM TO CALVARY—Re-
peated by THE COMMISSIONER—Sun-
day Dec. 20

THE LIFE OF CHRIST—(Illustrated) by
THE COMMISSIONER—Sunday Dec. 27

BRIGADIER JOHN ROBERTS.

Who has been an Officer over Thirty
years, from International Head-
quarters, will conduct

GREAT SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS
as follows:

Sussex, N. B., December 5th to 10th.
St. John 11, December 12th to 17th.
St. John V., December 19th to 24th.
St. John I., December 26th to 31st.
Yarmouth, N. S., January 9th to 18th

COLONEL MAPP

Chief Secretary, assisted by

LIEUT. COLONEL GASKIN,

the Field Secretary, will conduct
meetings as follows:
NEWFOUNDLAND.

Sunday, December 6th—Public Salva-
tion meetings all day, in the St.
John's I. Citadel.

Monday, December 7th—St. John's II.
Special Demonstration.

Tuesday, December 8th—St. John's
III. Salvation Meeting.

Wednesday, December 9th—St. John's
I. United Meeting.

EASTERN PROVINCE.
Saturday, December 12th—Westville
Salvation Meetings.

Sunday, December 13th—New Glas-
gow. Salvation Meetings all day.

Monday, December 14th—Halifax I.
United Salvation Demonstration.

Tuesday, December 15th—St. John I.
N. E. United Salvation Dem-
onstration.

EAST ONTARIO.
Thursday, December 17th—Montreal
I. United Salvation Demonstration.

THE SIMULTANEOUS Soul-Saving Campaign SPECIALS.

Commissioner Cadman.

DILDO.—December 5th to 7th.
ST. JOHN'S I.—December 10th to
12th.

NEW ABERDEEN.—Thursday and
Friday, December 17th and 18th.

GLACE BAY.—Sunday, Dec. 20th.

SYDNEY.—Monday, December 21st.
NEW GLASGOW.—Tuesday, Decem-
ber 22nd.

WESTVILLE.—Wednesday, Decem-
ber 23rd.

HALIFAX II.—December 24th.
HALIFAX I.—December 27th and
28th.

SACKVILLE.—December 29th.
NEWCASTLE.—December 30th.
CAMPBELLTON.—December 31st.

MAJOR AND MRS. TOM PLANT.

From International Headquarters,
London, England; Musical Won-
ders, world-wide travellers, Song-
sters and Instrumentalists, will
visit the following Corps, conduct-
ing a unique Musical Demonstra-
tion entitled, "Round the World in
a Chariot of Music and Song!"

Winnipeg 1.—December 5, 6, 7.
Raskirk—December 9, 9.

Winnipeg—December 10, 11.
Portage—December 12, 13, 14.

Neepawa—December 15, 16.
Dauphin—December 17, 18.
Brandon—December 27, 27, 28.

Regina—December 29, 30.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Lloyd, Western Province—
Oshawa, December 1, 2; Barrie,
Dec. 3, 4; Orillia, Dec. 5, 6; Graven-
hurst, Dec. 8, 9; Bracebridge, Dec.
10, 11; Huntsville, Dec. 12-14.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—
Prescott, December 5, 6; Toronto,
Dec. 8, 9; Barrie, Dec. 9, 10;
Cornwall, Dec. 11-13.

Captain Gilkinson, Eastern Province—
Charlottetown, December 3-6; Sum-
merside, Dec. 8, 9; Moncton, Dec.
10-12.

Captain Buntin, Western Province—
Aylmer, December 24; Blenheim,
Dec. 5, 6; Leamington, Dec. 7; Kings-
ville, Dec. 8; Essex, 9, 10; Windsor,
Dec. 11; Chatham, Dec. 12.

Captain Backus, Eastern Province—
Weymouth, December 7; Annap-
olis, Dec. 8, 9; Bridgetown, Dec. 10,
11; Bear River, Dec. 12-14.

Captain Williams, North West Prov.—
Brandon, December 11, 12; Regina,
Dec. 3, 4; Moose Jaw, Dec. 5-7.
Maple Creek, Dec. 8; Medicine Hat,
Dec. 10, 11; Calgary, Dec. 12-14.